

THE GREAT DEEDS OF GREAT MEN

CORNELL AND
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GREAT DEEDS OF GREAT MEN

BY

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PREFACE

This little book is planned to give intermediate pupils, through the story of the achievements of the world's greatest discoverers, explorers, and conquerors from the fifth century B.C. to the twentieth century A.D., an idea of how the world came to be known as it is to-day.

While each story is complete in itself, and may be used independently, if need be, to meet the requirements of a course of study, yet each is so linked to the others that the book as a whole is an elementary history of the world from the time of Darius to the present.

The courtesy of the Houghton Mifflin Company in permitting the use of the two stanzas from Margaret Sangster's poem, "Washington's Birthday," in the story of Washington, is gratefully acknowledged.

The authors also acknowledge their indebtedness to the well-known authorities on the life and times of the men selected as the subjects of these stories.

TO OUR YOUNG READERS

These stories of famous men are told with two main purposes.

The first purpose is to help you to learn something of how the known world has grown from small beginnings to what it is to-day. Many other great men, besides those whose stories are told here, have helped in this growth. You will hear and read of them from time to time, as you continue your studies.

The second purpose is to show you why and how these men did certain things. You will come to see how ambition, skill, and courage enabled them to overcome difficulties and achieve results.

While we cannot always applaud their deeds and praise their methods, we can learn something from the story of every one of them.

What you thus learn may help you later to choose worthy aims in life, and to use all your courage and skill to make your dreams come true.

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GREAT DEEDS OF GREAT MEN

DARIUS, THE KING OF THE WISE MEN

Have you ever seen Persian rugs? Darius (*Da-ri'u's*) saw them, and he was born more than twenty-four hundred years ago, when even grown people who lived in the country of the Wise Men had not seen and did not know so many things as some boys and girls see and know now. The Wise Men were the priests that served in the temples of Persia when Darius was king of that country.

I said Darius was born more than twenty-four hundred years ago; but if you had asked me the year of his birth, I should probably have answered: "549 B.C." That means five hundred forty-nine years before Christ was born. We tell when things have happened by saying they took place so many years before or so many years after the birth of Christ. Thus, we say the birthday of Darius was in 549 B.C., and Lincoln's birthday was in 1809 A.D., that is, eighteen hundred nine years after Christ was born.

This world of ours was already very old when Darius was born. To be sure, men knew very little about it, except just the places where they lived. But for all

that, great men had lived and great deeds had been done and forgotten even before the time of Darius.

In order that the story of his deeds should never be forgotten, Darius had it carved on the side of a rock not



DARIUS AS SHOWN ON THE BEHISTUN ROCK

Darius, the central figure in the group, holds in his left hand a bow. He raises his right hand to pronounce the doom of the captives who stand before him. Beneath the feet of the king lies his enemy begging the monarch's mercy.

far from Bagdad. It was told in pictures and wedge-shaped letters, which was the way the Persians wrote then. And there, three hundred feet above the bottom of the rock, people who understand that language may read the story today. But the place where it had been written was forgotten, and for hundreds of years nobody knew it was there. Long before this stone book was found, when paper books came to be printed, we learned

what we know of Darius from stories told by Greek historians.

When Darius became king, the states that made up the kingdom of Persia refused to be ruled by him. It took six years of bloody battles and endless labor to punish the rebels and make them submit.

As soon as all the provinces had acknowledged him as their leader, Darius, being one of the wisest kings that ever lived, did everything possible to make his people safe, rich, and happy.

The young nobles who were to be governors in various parts of the kingdom were very carefully taught their duties by the King himself. Then the King frequently journeyed through the country to see that they governed as he wished them to govern. Woe to him in whose province the fields were untilled, the villages tumble-down and untidy, or the people poor and neglected. On the other hand, he granted favors and gave honors to those who ruled well. And as he never interfered with the religion



DARIUS WITH HIS ATTENDANTS

Carved in rock at Persepolis. The king's right hand grasps a staff or scepter; his left hand, a bunch of flowers. On his head is a crown. Above the king is a representation of the divinity which guarded and guided him. In the rear are two Persian nobles, one carrying the royal fan, the other the royal parasol.

or the private lives

of the people, they soon became hard-working and contented.

To get the money necessary for himself and his court, Darius, like every other king, taxed the people. But he taxed them more justly than kings had been in the habit of doing, making everybody pay according to his means. Sometimes the taxes were paid in horses, grain, ivory, or



slaves. The empire was so rich that, though no one was required to pay more than he ought to pay, the King had an income of 165 million dollars.

More than this, he did what no one seems to have thought of before. He made good roads connecting all the cities of the empire. Every few miles on these highways, there were stations with horses saddled night and day ready to start the instant a messenger to or from the King needed one.

Shouldn't you think all these things enough for one man to do? Darius did not think so. He next sent out a fleet to explore India and to find an all-water way from that country to the Mediterranean Sea. The fleet crossed the Arabian Sea and sailed up the Red Sea, but, of course, it had to stop at the Isthmus of Suez. Darius, far from being discouraged, undertook to cut a canal across the isthmus. That he could not do, and the world had to wait more than two thousand years longer for the Suez Canal.

And now this powerful king must have a dwelling worthy of the ruler of an empire so great and rich. He set builders and artists to work, and they fashioned a marble palace of whose glories we may judge from the ruins that still exist.

Even in that far-off time, kings who made their own countries rich and strong and powerful, instead of being satisfied with what they had, looked around to see if they could take any land or wealth away from their



PERSIAN ARCHERS

A border of enameled brick from the royal palace at Susa. Each archer carries a spear, in addition to the bow over the left shoulder and the quiver on the back.

neighbors. As Darius was already ruler of all that could be reached in Asia and Africa, he turned his eyes toward the land beyond the Black Sea. This was the level country of southern Russia, famous then, as now, for its great wheat fields. To be master of them would make him master of the only wealth in the world he did not already control.

He raised an army of 700,000 men. The good roads he had built were very useful in leading this army to the Bosphorus (*Bos'po-rus*), which they crossed on a bridge of boats. But, wise as he was, Darius neglected to learn all that he might have learned about the country and the people he meant to conquer. So he lost a tenth of his army in the marshes and forests of this unfamiliar land, and returned without having added to his dominions.

This so worked on his mind that he became unkind and unjust in dealing with his subjects, especially with the Greeks. Now, the Greeks were beginning to think people should govern themselves, and not be subject to the will of any one man, no matter how wise and good he might be. So, when Darius ceased to treat them fairly, they refused to do his bidding and resisted his efforts to force them to obey. With a return to the care and caution of his early years, he laid plans for sending against them a force that should end forever any attempt to rebel.

About the middle of September, 490 B.C., six hundred war vessels carrying the invaders came to anchor in the quiet waters of a small bay on the eastern coast of Greece. A range of hills which sweeps inland from one side of the

bay to the other, leaves a half-moon shaped plain between it and the water. This is the plain of Marathon (*Mar'a-thon*), twenty-six miles from Athens — not a very long march for the enemy. But the enemy never reached Athens. The Athenians (*A-thē'ni-ans*), who were on the far side of the plain, started on a run toward the long line of foes, drawn up four deep, a mile away.



GREEK SOLDIERS IN ARMS

Painting on a Greek vase of about the time of the battle of Marathon.

When the Persians recovered from their surprise at the boldness of this handful of soldiers, without horsemen or archers, rushing headlong against their own numberless troops, there was a furious conflict. Spears clanged against shields, and arrows darkened the sky like a cloud. Soon it was the Persians that ran across the plain — toward their ships. The hosts of Darius had been put to flight!

The victory of the Greeks at Marathon meant that some day in the future men should be free instead of being ruled by a master. The defeat of the Persians meant the ruin of the great empire Darius had built. In the story of Alexander you can read about the end of it and what happened to the beautiful palace.

PERICLES AND THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

After his defeat at Marathon, Darius was more than ever determined to punish the brave Greeks for daring to oppose him. But just as he was ready to lead a second army against them, he died. His son Xerxes (*Zerk'sēz*) then became king. The new king was persuaded to carry out his father's plans. So, seven years later, the mightiest army that had ever been assembled swarmed into Greece.

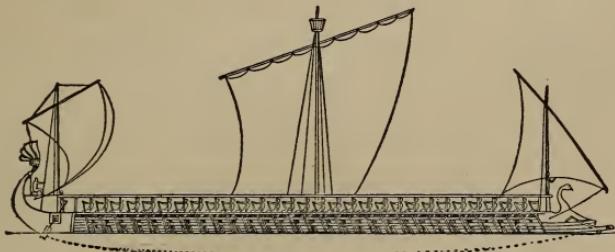
What could be done against such a multitude? The Greeks thought they had learned the answer to that question at Marathon.

The Athenians and the Spartans gathered at the "Gate of the Hot Springs" (called *Ther-mop'y-lae*), a narrow pass between the hills and the shore, on the eastern coast of Greece. On came the Persians, whipped forward by their captains. Firm stood the Greeks, held in their places only by their own courage. Out leaped their willing spears! Back fell the invaders — to be whipped forward again!

For two days they kept up this kind of warfare. Then, alas, a traitor showed Xerxes a path behind the pass. When the Greek general, Leonidas (*Lē-on'i-das*), learned this, he sent back to their homes all but fourteen hundred of his soldiers. Four hundred of these deserted him

when the battle began again. Thus, only three hundred Spartans and seven hundred other loyal men were left to hold the pass. Completely surrounded by the enemy, without hope of winning, these brave defenders of their native land fought on till the last man was slain. This was the price they were willing to pay for the freedom of their country.

But it seemed as though they had died in vain. Xerxes now marched toward Athens. At the news of his approach, the people left the city. The men went on



A GREEK SHIP WITH THREE BANKS OF OARS

board the ships in the harbor. The women, children, and old people went to the country or to the near-by islands. When the Persians arrived, they found only a few guardians of the temples. These they murdered, and then burned the city.

In the meantime, the Persian fleet appeared in the harbor. Though very much frightened when they saw three ships to their one, the Greeks did not run away. Instead, they began to fight, and ended by chasing the enemy out to sea. Seated on his royal throne, Xerxes watched the battle from the cliffs along the shore. When

he saw that he could not depend upon the fleet, it was his turn to be afraid — afraid that he might never get out of Greece now that he was in it. So he made up his mind to go home while he had the chance, and he lost no time in starting. The Greeks did what they could to hasten his departure by harassing his army and capturing his ships. Finally, he reached Persia much poorer, if no wiser, than he was when he left it.

These events took place ten years after the battle of Marathon, or 480 B.C., but it was not till after many more years and many more battles that Greece was freed forever from the attacks of these would-be conquerors. Never again, however, did the Persians send a great army into that brave little country.

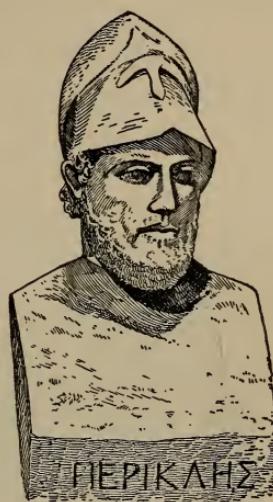
During the Persian wars the Greeks learned how much stronger they were against a common foe when they stopped quarreling among themselves and acted together. The need to be alert for the next move of these troublesome neighbors led them to form a league, or union. There were two leagues in fact, but I am going to speak of only one, the league headed by Athens. Each state in the league pledged itself to give, every year, a fixed sum of money or so many ships to be used against the Persians. By and by you will see for what much of this money was spent.

In the course of time, several other states of Greece, as well as those of the league, became subject to Athens. In this way, what had been the Athenian League came to be known as the Athenian Empire.

Meanwhile, all the members of the league continued to make yearly payments to Athens. So, when Pericles (*Per'i-kle^z*) became its ruler, thirty-five years after Xerxes burned the city, Athens was very rich.

Though their country was called an empire, the Athenians chose their own rulers, instead of having a king who held his office by right of birth. It sometimes happened, as it does in our own country, that a poor man, if he knew enough, was chosen as leader. Pericles, however, was a wealthy nobleman. He became the ruler of the Athenians because he was the ablest man among them. He was so fine to look upon, so calm and just and dignified, so wise and learned, so high-minded and courageous, that people called him Zeus (*Zūs*). Zeus, you should know, was the chief god worshipped by the Greeks.

Pericles could talk so well that everyone who heard him believed what he said and was willing to do whatever he wanted done. Fortunately for Athens, he wanted to build, not to destroy. He was willing to fight when jealous cities tried to take the riches and power of Athens away from her. But he did not want his people to go out to conquer distant lands. He thought they should stay in their own



PERICLES

The bust is probably a good copy of a portrait statue set up in Athens during the lifetime of Pericles. The helmet possibly indicates the office of General held by Pericles.

country and use all their strength and wealth to improve it.

He wanted to make men free, not bound; to teach them, not to keep them in ignorance; to give them bright and beautiful things to see, and witty things to hear. Wanting to do such things as these, Pericles determined to make Athens the most beautiful city in the world, and its people the best educated and the happiest.



THE TOP OF THE ACROPOLIS IN ATHENS 2000 YEARS AGO

The Parthenon is the large temple on the right

He sought out the persons who knew how to do certain things better than anybody else, and set them to work. The builders erected noble temples and vast theaters. The sculptors carved perfect statues. The artists painted beautiful pictures, showing what the gods and heroes of Greece had done for her honor and glory. The authors wrote wonderful plays and poems, which we may read now, whenever we care to do so.

On a hill overlooking the city he caused to be built the "House of the Virgin" (*Par'the-non*), a temple of the purest white marble. For the holy place in this temple, the sculptor Phidias (*Fid'i-as*) shaped the most beautiful image of the goddess of wisdom, Athena, that the world has ever seen. This statue of the goddess was of cream-colored ivory. From her shoulders hung a robe of refined gold. Her armor flashed with the light of priceless gems of many colors.

Between the temple and the broad flight of marble steps leading up the hill from the entrance, there was another statue of Athena, made of bronze. It was so large that sailors, returning from their long voyages, saw the golden plume of the helmet while they were still far out at sea.

But above all, Pericles wanted the people to be happy. So there were amusing plays in the theaters, gay processions, athletic games, and public feasts. These, as well as the beautiful pictures, the numberless statues, and the stately buildings, were paid for out of the money I told you about a little while ago.

Some persons thought Pericles did wrong to spend the money in this way instead of making war on the Persians. They succeeded in putting him out of his place at the



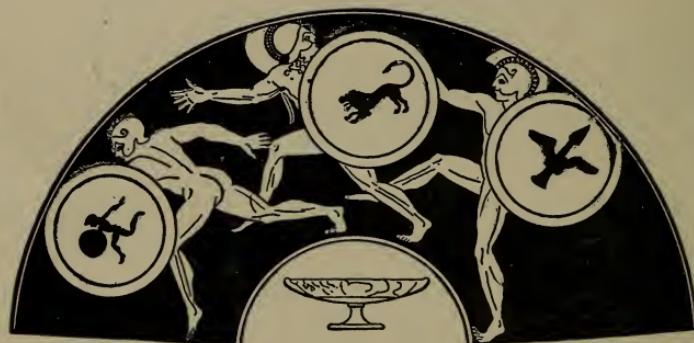
ATHENA

An ancient copy of
the Athena of Phidias

head of the nation for a short time, but the Athenians were soon glad enough to have him back again.

Other states of the empire, envious of the greatness of Athens, found an excuse for attacking her. Then Pericles was obliged to give up his plans for the City Beautiful. He lived to direct the defense of his beloved city only two years after the outbreak of the war. Just before he died, the friends around his bedside, thinking he was too ill to notice them, were praising the things he had done for Athens. He roused himself and said:

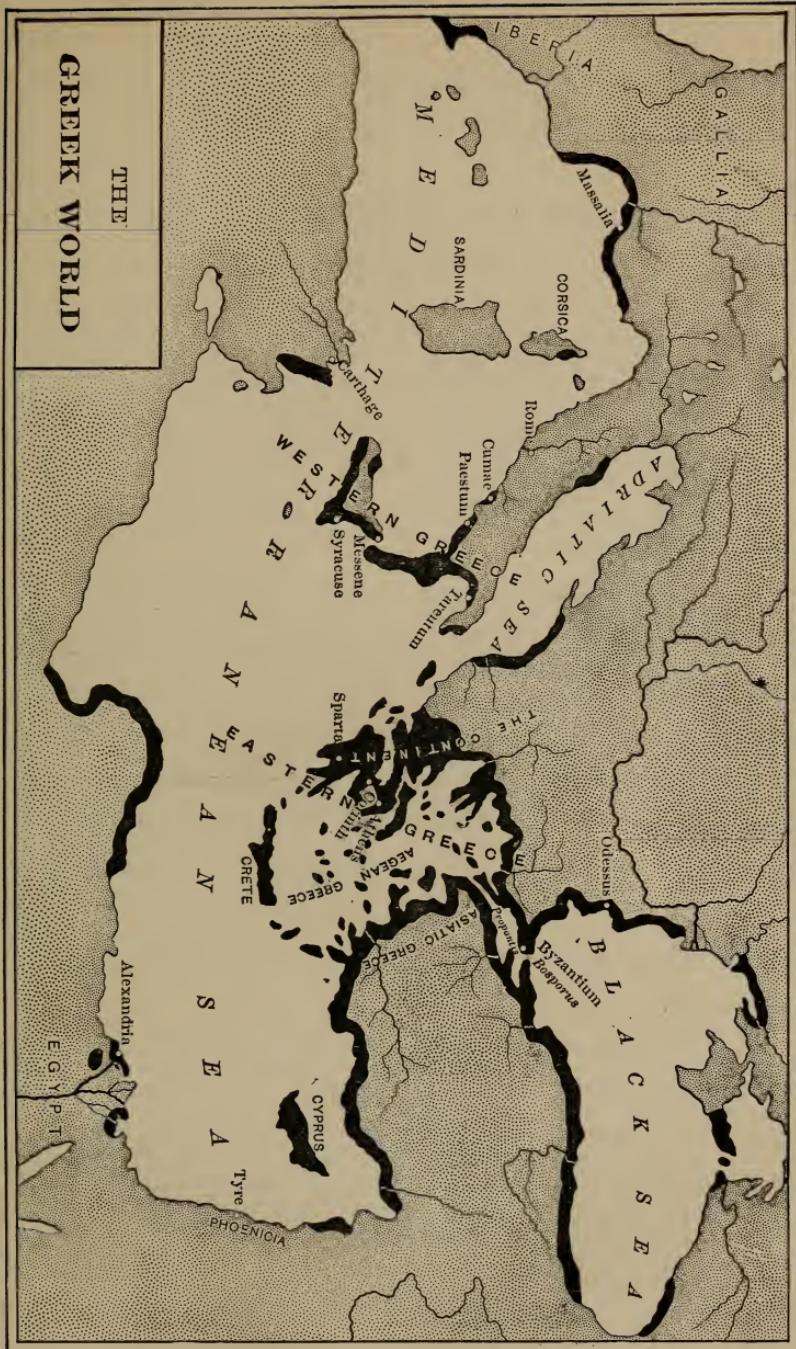
“You make no mention of that which is the greatest thing of all, that no Athenian has ever worn mourning because of anything I have done.”



GREEK GAMES — RUNNING

From an antique vase

THE GREEK WORLD



THE TERRITORY OCCUPIED BY THE GREEKS IS INDICATED BY SOLID BLACK

ALEXANDER AND HIS LITTLE ARMY TAKE A GREAT EMPIRE

There lay to the north of Greece the little country of Macedonia (*Mas-e-dō'nia*). In this warrior nation was born Alexander, the boy who was to become master of the whole world. When I say the whole world, I mean, of course, such of it as was known to the people of that time.

Take your map of the Eastern Hemisphere. Trace a line from the Danube River through the Black Sea to the Caspian Sea. From there draw an easterly curve down to the Indus River and extend it along the course of that river to its mouth. Continue the line across the Arabian Sea to the Red Sea, thence to Alexandria and along the African coast to Tripoli. Join this point by a slant line to the Danube. This roughly outlines the world about which anything was known when Alexander was born.

At the end of the war during which Pericles died, the Athenian Empire had been broken up. Then the various states of Greece, forgetting the lesson of the Persian wars and paying no attention to the dangerous neighbor on the north, kept up the strife to decide which one should govern the others. This was decided for them, about a hundred years after Pericles died, by Alexander's

father, Philip, the king of Macedonia. He went down into Greece with his strong little army and made them all own him as their ruler.

When he was a boy, Alexander the Great was fond of study, and read all the history and poetry he could get. He liked the company of persons older and wiser than himself because he learned from them the things he was eager to know. To his teacher, Aristotle, he paid the utmost attention and respect, not only while he was a boy, but also after he became the most famous man in the world. Indeed, Alexander is no more noted for his conquests than Aristotle is for his wisdom, and the greatest thinkers still learn from him.

Alexander was bent upon improving his body no less than his mind. He took an active part in the field sports which were a part of the training of the young men at his father's court. Tracking and killing wild animals taught him to face danger without flinching and to bear heat and cold, hunger and thirst, pain and weariness without complaining. These sports also helped to teach him forethought, watchfulness, and quickness in meeting unexpected difficulties. He had need of all these qual-



ALEXANDER

ties in after years on the long, hard marches through Asia.

Here is a story that will tell you several things about Alexander, if you are clever enough to understand what they are.



STATUE OF ALEXANDER AND BUCEPHALUS

A strong and spirited horse had been sent to Philip, who always bought the best horses to be found. But Bucephalus (*Bū-sef'a-lus*), as he was named, was so unmanageable that Philip proposed to send him back to his owner. Alexander, who had been admiring the glossy skin, intelligent eye, and rapid movements of the graceful steed, was bitterly disappointed. He begged

permission to try to mount it and to have it for his own if he succeeded. "And what will you forfeit if you fail?" asked the king. "The full price of the horse," answered his son. Philip laughed, but consented.

Alexander went up to the unruly animal, and while stroking it and soothing it by the gentle tones of his voice, contrived to turn the horse's head toward the sun so that it was no longer frightened by its own shadow. Springing swiftly and lightly to the back of the beautiful creature, he galloped away, and returned with the horse ready to obey his word or touch. After that, Alexander and Bucephalus were never parted so long as the good horse lived. When he died, Alexander, who had become great and powerful, named a city in his honor.

Alexander seems to have been as proud as he was brave. For, when asked why he never took part in the Olympic games, he answered: "Because there are no king's sons to compete with." But perhaps he did not care to take part in what were merely games. He certainly had a very quick temper that gave him much trouble and sorrow because he did not govern it, even when he governed the whole world.

As soon as Alexander came to the throne of Macedonia and Greece (he was only twenty years old), he prepared to carry out his plan of adding the Persian Empire to his own, thus making himself the ruler of the whole world.

He landed in Asia with an army of 40,000 spearmen and horsemen. That was not very many compared with the millions of Persians sent into Greece a century and a half

earlier. Nor was it very many compared with the Persian force then gathered on the right bank of the Granicus (*Gra-nī'kus*), a little stream flowing into the Sea of Marmora. The Greeks and Macedonians marched to the left bank. For a while neither army did anything but watch the movements of the other. Presently, Alexander gave the order to cross the river. The Persians defended their position bravely at first, but gave way after most of their generals and chief men had been slain, many of them by Alexander himself. Those who were neither killed nor captured fled, so that there was no longer an army to hinder the forward march of the enemy, even if the Persians had not been too terrified to offer any opposition.

Have you ever heard your elders speak of cutting the Gordian knot? They get the expression from an incident in the life of Alexander the Great. In Gordium there was a wagon in which, it was said, an ancient king of the country had been brought to the spot where the town now stood. The yoke was fastened to the pole of the wagon by a knot that no one had been able to untangle. An oracle had foretold that whosoever should untie the knot would be lord of all Asia.

When Alexander halted in Gordium to rest his soldiers, he went to see this old relic, feeling sure that he was the one meant to unfasten the knot. But he was as puzzled as everybody else had been. Only, being more clever — or more impatient — than the others, he drew his sword and cut the knot in two. This was believed by Alexander

to be quite as good as untying it. And everyone agreed with him, — to agree with a conqueror is somewhat more safe than to disagree with him.

The king of Persia, who, like his great ancestor, was called Darius, had collected half a million men and now met Alexander at Issus, not far from the Mediterranean



THE ALEXANDER MOSAIC

This splendid mosaic, composed of pieces of colored glass, formed the pavement of a Roman house at Pompeii in Italy. It represents the charge of Alexander (on horseback at the left) against the Persian king in his chariot, at the battle of Issus.

coast. Again he was defeated. His mother, wife, and sisters were among those taken prisoners, but Alexander treated them kindly.

He proceeded on his victorious way down the coast to Jerusalem. Thence he crossed to Egypt, where the people welcomed him as a deliverer, instead of resisting him as a conqueror. Near one of the mouths of the Nile he marked out the site of the city that still bears his name. Alexandria became one of the most celebrated of

the ancient cities. Its founder, however, never saw it, for within a few months he was back in Asia, and he never returned.

During Alexander's absence, Darius had summoned from such parts of the kingdom as he still retained, every soldier that could be spared. There were 1,000,000 footmen, besides the horsemen, the scythed chariots, and —



SCYTHE-BEARING CHARIOT

the elephants! There were only fifteen of these huge beasts, but they are always spoken of because this is the first time they are mentioned in history as forming part of an army.

Every chariot had a pole ending in a sharp point that extended beyond the breasts of the horses, three sword blades projecting from both sides of the yoke, and two

scythes fastened to the hub of each wheel. This awe-inspiring host was encamped on a wide, level, treeless plain east of the river Tigris (*Ti'gris*).

Alexander pushed forward, and at daybreak one morning in October, four years after his first conflict in Persia, caught sight of the battle array of the foe. The fight that followed is generally called the battle of Arbela. As usual, the ill-trained masses of the Persian army were helpless before the perfectly drilled, swiftly moving units of the Macedonian army. They fell back all along the line.

The king himself set the example of flight. Such of his men as did not escape with him were slain or captured. This victory made Alexander the real monarch of Persia, though he did not become the lawful one till after the death of Darius, who was murdered several months later by one of his own guard.

You remember the marble palace Darius the Great had built for himself? This was at Persepolis (*Per-sep'o-lis*), the next stronghold on Alexander's line of march. Besides the costly buildings, there was in the city such an amazing store of gold and silver and silks and jewels that it took five thousand camels and twice as many mule-carts to carry it away. After this great treasure had been sent out of the city, Alexander set fire to the splendid palace. Though not entirely destroyed, its glory was gone forever. And with it went the realm of the king who had "proclaimed himself master of mankind from the rising to the setting sun."

Although Alexander wickedly destroyed Persepolis, he generally tried to improve a country when he had mastered it. He extended commerce by building harbors and helping these widely separated peoples to trade with one another. By making Greek settlements in them, he spread the ideas, customs, and tastes of the Greeks among eastern nations.

From Persepolis, Alexander made his all-conquering way through the countries bordering the Caspian Sea eastward to the Indus. Here he learned enough of the mysterious land of India to want to add it to his dominions. He crossed the river, overcame a native chief who tried to stop him, and went on as far as the most eastern branch of the Indus.

But now the hardy Macedonians who had followed him so many, many weary miles, refused to go any farther. His powers of persuasion had no effect on them, and he was obliged to turn south, following the Indus to its outlet.

Having reached the sea, they turned toward the trackless desert that lay east of the Persian Gulf. There the heat was terrible. The lack of water was worse. Alexander had always taken part in the dangers and hardships of his men during their long marches. And now he walked through the blistering sand with the foot soldiers, setting an example of fortitude and cheerfulness that they all admired, and imitated as best they could. One day, when a soldier found a little water which he brought to his leader in a helmet, Alexander,

though parched with thirst, refused to drink it because he would not enjoy a relief the others could not share.

Once beyond the desert, those that were left alive made their way as quickly as possible to Babylon. Here, in 323 B.C., Alexander was stricken with a fever from which he died in a few days.

He had reigned but twelve years. In that short time he had raised himself to the greatest power ever held by one man. He had added to his own kingdom, besides hitherto unknown tracts of India, the territory of the Persian Empire with its boundless wealth and unnumbered millions of people. He had so touched the thoughts of men by his handsome person, his charming manners, his great generosity, his extensive conquests, and his good fortune in never having lost a battle, that they were disposed to worship him as a god.

But Alexander lay alone — deserted — dead.

Who now should hold his conquests together? There was not a man on earth able to do it. His governors and generals strove among themselves to grasp a power none of them was strong enough to hold. Each seized whatever he could defend against the others, and the mighty empire dropped to pieces like a house of toy



A SOLDIER OF
ALEXANDER'S ARMY

blocks when the foundation is pulled from under it. In less than two hundred years the fragments were swallowed by a giant power that even then, unknown to the rest of the world, was growing up not a thousand miles to the west of Macedonia. But that belongs to another story.

CAESAR BECOMES THE RULER OF THE CITY OF THE SEVEN HILLS

A long time ago — nobody is certain just when — a pair of twin baby boys were set adrift on the river Tiber by a wicked uncle who wished them to be drowned. But they were cast on the shore by the tide, and a wolf took care of them, so the story goes, till they were found by a shepherd, who brought them up as his own sons. When they had grown to be men, Romulus (*Rom'u-lus*) plowed a furrow around the hill near which they had been found by the shepherd. He said he would found a city within the walls so marked out.

Remus (*Re'mus*) jumped over the furrow, saying: "An enemy could overleap your walls as easily as I do." Romulus angrily answered, "And I could kill such an enemy as easily as I do you!" at the same time striking his brother on the head with a pickaxe.

Years passed by, and the city of Rome founded on this hill grew so as to include six other near-by hills — making seven in all — and the whole space was surrounded by a high stone wall that no enemy could easily climb.

At first the people lived in wooden huts roofed with straw. Each hut had a garden and a sheepfold. The



A ROMAN COIN
Showing Romulus,
Remus, and the
Wolf.

farmers and the shepherds wore a single woolen shirt, or tunic, which reached to the knees. They used tools of flint and bone, and clumsy dishes of earthenware. Foot soldiers had shields and spears. The rich soldiers rode on horseback.

These old Romans were stern, stingy, and merciless. But they were also strong, brave, and truthful. During the early years they were governed by a king. Later, a king came to be more hateful to them than to the Athenians.

All this was long before anybody outside of Italy knew that Rome was there. The city grew more and more powerful. It overcame all of Italy, and then sent its soldiers against the nations across the Mediterranean. Within two centuries after the death of Alexander it was ruling Spain, the northern point of Africa, and much of Alexander's former empire.

During the hundreds of years it had taken to subdue all these countries, this proud City of the Seven Hills was not governed by a king. A body of men, called the senate, made the laws and selected two consuls as rulers. But a poor man had not the same chance in Rome that he had in Athens to become a ruler. At the time our story begins, anyone who wanted to govern had to be a victorious general, a great orator, or a man rich enough to pay the senators to vote for him.

A young Roman named Julius Caesar made up his mind that he would some day become a consul. So he set to work to make himself a good soldier, a good speaker,

and a rich man. He learned to ride and swim and to use his sword with great skill. He went to Greece to study, and when he came back he could make just as good speeches as anybody else. Better, in some ways, for they were always marked by good manners even toward those who disagreed with him.

Julius Caesar was not so handsome as Alexander the Great. His high forehead looked higher than it was, because he was beginning to be bald.

His nose and mouth were large. His eyes were black and bright. We would probably not think him tall, but he looked strong and healthy. He had a cool temper and he was always polite, no matter how much annoyed he might be. He was not afraid of anything — not even of working too hard.

Though it was a very long while from the founding of Rome to the time when Caesar was a young man, the city had never been made beautiful like Athens. But it had changed very much during those years. Instead of one room, the houses of the rich had many — dining-rooms, bed-rooms, bath-rooms, book-rooms. Indeed, book-rooms were so fashionable that wealthy persons who could not read a word had them. In the dining-rooms, around three sides of the table, there were



JULIUS CAESAR

couches big enough to hold three persons. Each person lay almost flat on his breast, leaning on his left elbow and having his right hand free to help himself to food. There were no stoves. When more heat than the sun supplied was wanted, charcoal was burned in a metal basin. The cooking was done in the kitchen over the glowing coals on an open platform.

Builders had copied parts of the temples of Greece and added them to their own, and in this way had made a strange, new style of building. Besides the temples there were theaters and public baths. But the center of interest was the market place, or Forum, as it was called. Here the people gathered to gossip with one another or to hear what Caesar and other noted men had to say about the news of the day.

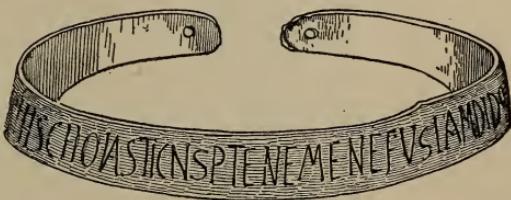
Rome had been able to make itself so powerful because of the strict habits and simple life of the people in the past. But now the people, too, were changed. They came to think it a merit to be cruel, greedy, and untruthful. They changed the athletic games they had learned from the Greeks into real fights between men trained for no other purpose, or between men and wild beasts. A few of the best Romans, however, learned history, poetry, and sculpture from the wise Greeks, and they later passed this knowledge on to the countries conquered by Rome.

With slaves to do their work for them, and with more money than they could spend wisely, the rich became more and more idle and worthless. They even gave up going to war and hired men to do their fighting for them.

Things grew worse and worse. Soldiers became armed robbers and sailors became pirates. The pirates cut off food sent to the city from surrounding countries. Subject nations threatened to rebel. Armed bands of slaves rose against their masters, and altogether it looked as though there would be nothing left to Rome but its seven hills.

Things had become so bad that Caesar and two of his friends, Pompey and Crassus, agreed among themselves to take possession of the government and do what they could to restore order. Crassus was to take care of Asia, Pompey of Spain, and Caesar of France, which was then called Gaul.

Before Caesar went to Gaul, the Germans east of the Rhine, finding their pastures too small for their herds, had crossed the river and taken what land they wanted in Gaul. The dwellers in the Alps had looked down for generations from the slopes of their snow-topped hills into the sunny plains of Italy. No doubt they often wondered why they should work so hard to cultivate their stony garden patches when just below them lay the fertile fields of their neighbors. However that may be, the whole tribe, led by the army, had started to leave their mountain homes for the fruitful valleys beyond.



A SLAVE'S COLLAR

A runaway slave, if captured, was sometimes compelled to wear a metal collar riveted about his neck. One of these collars, still preserved at Rome, bears the inscription: "I am the slave of my master Scholasticus, a gentleman of importance. Hold me, lest I flee from home."

If they were not kept out of Italy, and if the Germans were not driven out of Gaul, there would be no peace or safety for Rome.

So Caesar set to work to get an army together and to

train the new men in the use of their weapons. In a Roman army there were several kinds of soldiers with different kinds of weapons. As a rule, the footmen wore a helmet and a breastplate. Each carried a round or an oblong shield, a javelin for throwing or a spear for thrusting, and a short, broad, two-edged sword.

Having gathered his army, Caesar did not wait for the wanderers but boldly crossed into their own country, drove them back and, to make sure that they stayed, followed them till his provisions gave out. While he was trying to get supplies, they turned and attacked his camp. Though they fought

bravely, they were no match for the troops of Caesar. They were beaten, and those that were left went back to their old homes; and Switzerland, too, became a Roman province.

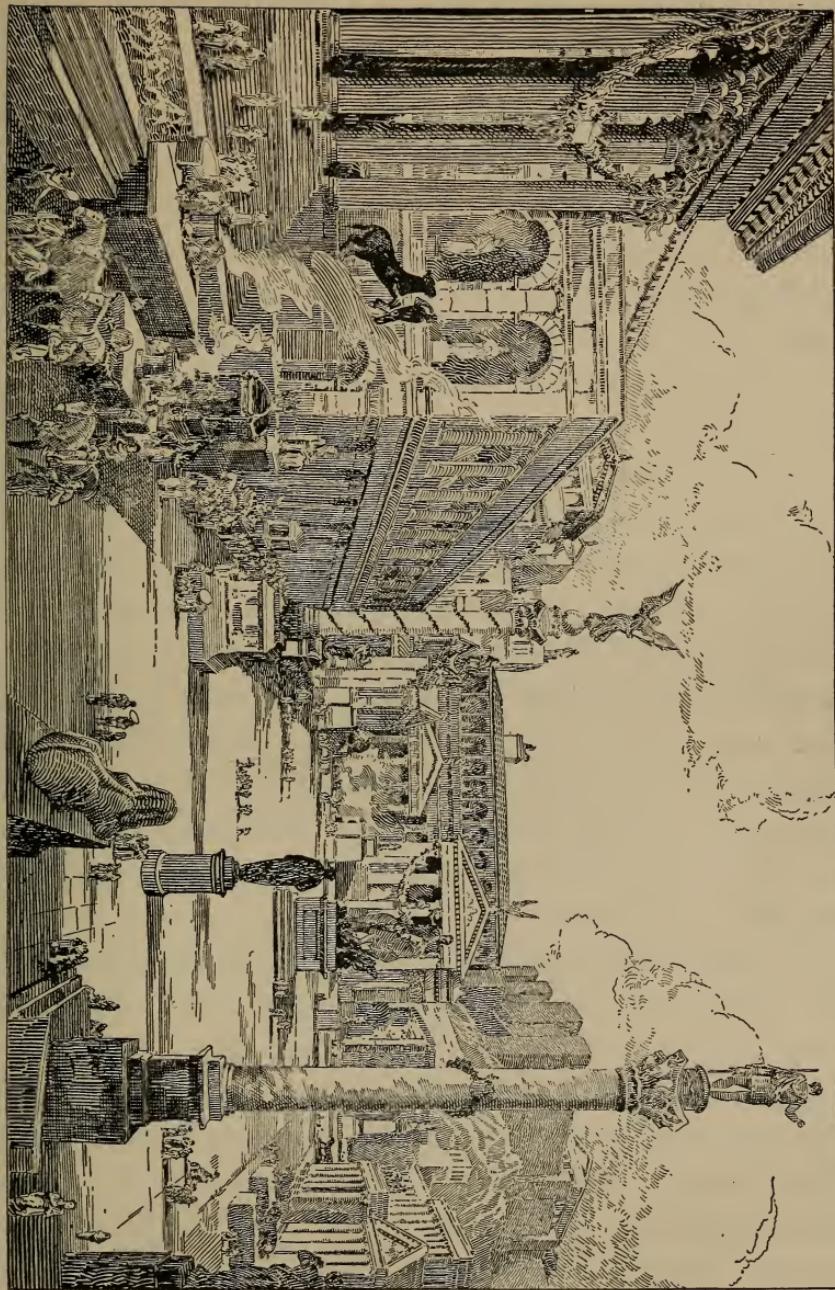
Caesar now went forward to push the Germans back



A ROMAN SOLDIER

The soldier wears a metal helmet, a leather doublet with shoulder-pieces, a metal-plated belt, and a sword hanging from a strap thrown over the left shoulder. His left hand holds a large shield, his right, a heavy javelin.

THE FORUM AT ROME



across the Rhine. The Germans lived in villages without walls. They had no furniture. They slept on straw or in the grass. When they were not at war, they were hunting or fishing. The men were big and strong and fierce, with shaggy hair and rough beards. The hairy hides of cattle, horns and all, which they wore for garments made them look still more dreadful.

The Roman soldiers had heard what terrible warriors the Germans were and, as they drew near to their camp, they became so scared that even some of the officers wept out of sheer fright. Caesar reminded them of the victories they had already won; but that did not bring back their courage. Then he said, "If no one else will follow me, I will go on with the tenth legion alone. On that legion, at least, I can depend." This made the tenth legion very glad and proud, and it made the other legions more ashamed of their fear than afraid of the foe. They all marched forward, attacked the barbarian army and utterly destroyed it; and the Germans were forced back into their own land.

Not all of Gaul had been conquered by the Romans at the time the Germans were driven out of it. The Gauls were tall and blue-eyed. They had long, flaxen hair, sometimes dyed a bright red, gathered up and tied close to the crowns of their heads from which it hung down like a horse's tail. When they were not at war, they raised grain and tended their flocks. The women wore woolen clothing which they dyed in gay colors. The Gauls lived in villages surrounded by low walls made of

brush and mud. The walls served to keep out the wild beasts which roamed the dense forests that covered most of the country at that time. When going into battle, instead of covering themselves with armor as the Romans did, they stripped themselves nearly naked.

The Gauls, having no more liking for the Romans than for the Germans, tried to get rid of them. Battle after battle was fought, but in the end all Gaul was added to the land owned by the seven-hilled city. As Caesar ruled them wisely and kindly, the people soon learned the language, manners, and dress of their conquerors. They also learned to build roads and bridges, to raise olives and grapes, and to use better weapons in warfare. So apt were they that, in the course of time, many of them became better workmen, builders, and scholars than their teachers had been.

While Caesar was fighting in Gaul, his friend Pompey had become his enemy. Pompey tried to have Caesar put out of his own army and to hinder him from holding any office at Rome. Caesar would not allow him to do that. He assembled his soldiers and asked if they would help him. They promised to follow him no matter where he led.

But to lead them toward Rome was to make war on Rome. So Caesar stood on the bank of the Rubicon (*Rū'bi-con*), a tiny river between his province and Italy, and wondered what it was best to do. Suddenly he urged his charger into the water, shouted to the men to follow, and passed to the other side. And that is why

people say, when they have finally decided to do something they want to do, that they have crossed the Rubicon.

Caesar reached Rome. Pompey fled to Asia. Caesar followed. Pompey retreated to Egypt. Again Caesar followed. The king of Egypt, thinking to win Caesar's favor, had Pompey's head cut off and sent it to Caesar when he arrived in Alexandria.

Such a sight made Caesar sad, not glad. Then the Egyptian king was frightened and tried to destroy Caesar; but he, too, was defeated and Caesar became master of Egypt.



A ROMAN COIN WITH THE HEAD OF
JULIUS CAESAR

Now his wars were ended. The City of the Seven Hills ruled the world from east to west, and Julius Caesar went home to be the greatest man in that city.

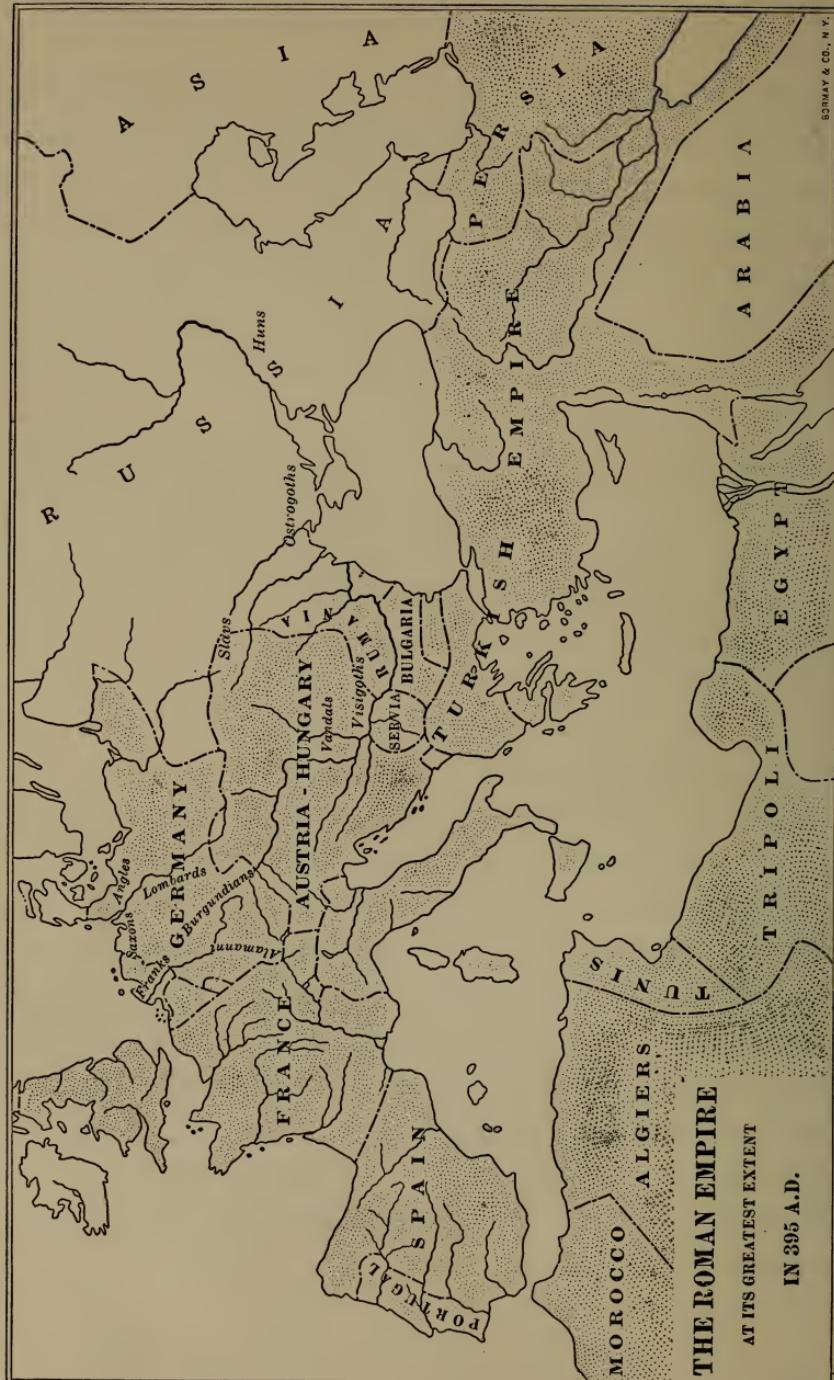
The Roman citizens could not do enough to show how much they honored Caesar. Four triumphs were celebrated for him. Medals and coins were made with his image on them. A month of the year was named after him. A golden wreath of bay leaves was given to him to wear the rest of his life, and a golden chair to sit in. They even offered to crown him king, but he refused that title.

Caesar used his knowledge and power to improve the lives of the people. He had laws passed which saved men who were in debt from becoming slaves to those from whom they had borrowed. He made those who

were poor because they were idle, go to the country and work on farms. He encouraged the rich to use some of their money to buy land instead of using it to buy rich food, gay clothing, and showy ornaments for themselves. Then he ordered that one-third of the laborers on these lands should be paid workers and not slaves. And he made dishonest governors stop robbing the people in their provinces.

But Caesar had not long to enjoy his honors or to make wise laws. His greatness made mean-spirited men envy him. Several of them banded together and planned to kill him in the hall of the senate. On the day fixed for the murder, he did not feel well and his wife begged him not to go out. To please her, he stayed at home. The murderers, with their daggers hidden under their togas, were waiting in the hall.

When it was plain to them that Caesar would not appear that day, they sent one of his friends to whom he could never say no, to urge him to come to the senate at once. In spite of several warnings he went, and took his seat in the golden chair. The wicked group gathered around him, telling stories and asking favors till, at a given signal, one of them stabbed him in the neck. At that he stood up. Then all the others struck him with their daggers, and he fell. Thus the proud City of the Seven Hills lost her chief possession — the greatest man in the world.



ALARIC, WHO SACKED A CITY BUT SPARED ITS CHURCHES

Suppose you could have gone to sleep in Rome after having heard Mark Antony's famous speech at Caesar's funeral, and then suppose you could have awakened four hundred years later. How different everything would have seemed! Or, suppose you had lived all that time. What changes you would have seen take place! Of course, no one could sleep so long and wake up that way, nor live so long, but history helps us to know what occurred and to see how Rome changed, almost as if such things were possible.

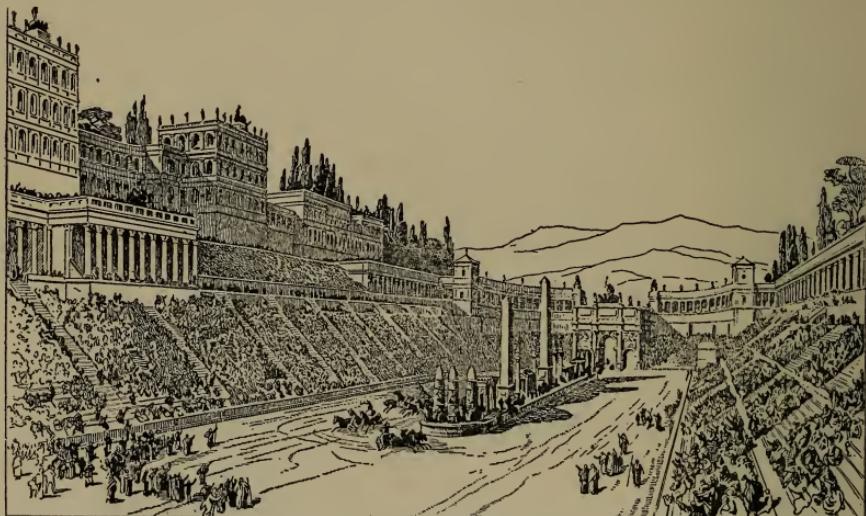
From history we learn that the houses of the wealthy were very large. Some of them were six stories high and some of them had more than fifty rooms. There were large libraries filled with books—written, not printed. Printing was not invented till a thousand years later. Among the books were many Roman histories, poems, and stories, as well as the copies of Greek books.



ROMAN READING A BOOK

These books were written on rolls of paper or papyrus; a roll for a single book was sometimes 150 feet long.

There were splendid temples, churches, and palaces, with beautiful pictures painted on the walls and ceilings. Magnificent arches, in honor of the great deeds of the great Romans, spanned the principal streets. A marble column as high as a church steeple had a band of sculptured stories round it from the bottom to the top. Statues of gods and goddesses and heroes were everywhere.

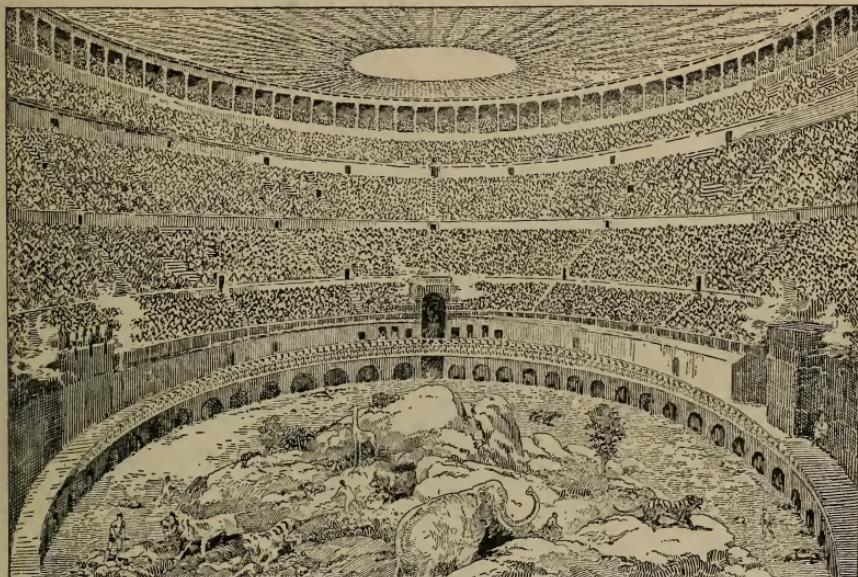


THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS AT ROME

There was a race course big enough to seat six times as many men as there were in Alexander's army. Around this course, the drivers of four-horse chariots madly raced one another.

There was a theater in which the central space, or arena, was big enough to be turned into a lake on which real ships fought real battles. Once, large forest trees were dug up by the roots and transplanted in the arena.

Lions and leopards and other wild animals were turned loose into this imitation forest and then hunted and killed for the entertainment of the people. Suppose a roaring lion, savage with pain, had jumped up among those cruel people on the benches! Ah, but he could not.



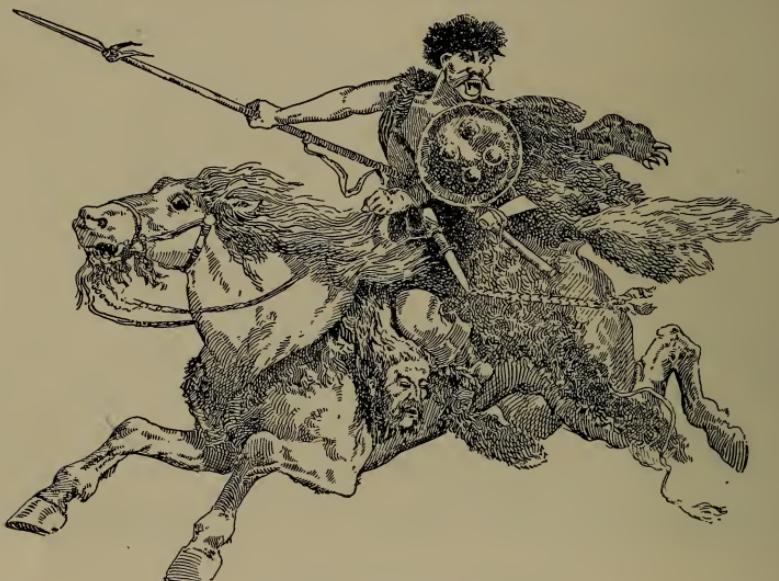
INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM
Showing the arena

There was a high iron fence around the arena to prevent just that.

Surrounding the city on every side was a strong new wall.

From history we learn that strange things had taken place outside of Rome, also. You remember the trouble Caesar had with the Germans in Gaul. The Goths, a tribe belonging to the same race, lived north of the

Danube. Suddenly, countless thousands of Huns came out from the unknown lands of Asia into the country of the Goths, the women and children in clumsy wagons, the warriors marching ahead. They were so short and stout, with such yellow skins, flat noses, little eyes, and high cheek bones, that the Goths thought they were



A HUN WARRIOR

demons. The Goths ran away from them almost as much on that account as on account of their fierce attacks. The Roman emperor gave the Goths permission to cross the Danube and settle in the Roman province on the south bank.

After they had lived there for some time, they became restless, and greedy for more land. As they always preferred fighting to farming, and robbing to trading,

they looked with longing eyes toward the harvests and riches of Greece. But who should lead them into that promising field? Why, the tall, light-haired, blue-eyed young warrior, Alaric (*Al'ar-ic*), of course. When this was decided, they placed him on a brazen shield, and, with shouts of joy, raised him high above their heads, as a sign that hereafter he was their chief. The call to



ALARIC AT ATHENS

arms ran through the province. Men dropped the plow and seized the spear. Again a great host poured into Greece.

Leonidas and his brave Spartans had been dead many centuries. But it is a wonder their ghosts did not rise to shame the Greeks posted at the "Gate of the Hot Springs" to keep the Goths from passing, for they retreated without a blow. The whole country was overrun by the

barbarians, and the Greeks made no attempt to defend themselves. What could not be carried away was destroyed.

Alaric, however, was much wiser than his men and tried to learn all he could from the people he conquered. At Athens, the governor invited him into the city, and showed him how to use a bath tub, and gave him a banquet. This so pleased the chief that he would not permit his followers to harm the city. But he would not leave Greece till the emperor had given him another province.

Alaric knew there were other countries besides Greece, richer and more desirable to live in than his own. He saw no reason why his people should not settle in the best country they could find. But he also knew that the inhabitants of the chosen country would not be likely to give it up for the asking. So this clever barbarian used his knowledge and his power to get the best weapons to be had, with which to supply his army. When he was ready, he entered Italy as the land of his choice.

Now, there were many Germans in the Roman army, and it was commanded by a German general who was just as brave as Alaric, and better trained in making war. Twice he drove Alaric out of Italy. Then some jealous creature whispered into the emperor's ear that this brave general was plotting to take the throne for himself. The foolish emperor listened, and ordered the death of the only man able to save Rome from the barbarians.

Alaric hurried to the City of the Seven Hills and pitched

his tents outside the gates that had not been opened to an enemy for eight hundred years. Would they be opened to Alaric? Not yet. The citizens paid him an enormous sum to go away. The next year he camped beneath the walls again. This time, as the price of peace he would take nothing less than whole provinces in which to settle his countrymen. The Romans promised to give them to him. But no sooner was he out of sight than they forgot



GOTHS ON THE MARCH

their promise. Back came the Goths for the third time. Alaric would take neither promise nor payment now. If the citizens would not fight, they should be starved.

Inside the walls were many barbarian slaves, more friendly to the enemy without than to the masters within. At midnight the joyful blast of a trumpet told the Romans that the gates had been opened to the Goths. The slaves joined Alaric's men and repaid the unjust masters with some of the same kind of suffering they had inflicted. The houses were robbed and burned, the people murdered, the beautiful temples and palaces

ruined. But Alaric had forbidden his troops to touch the churches or anyone who might seek safety in them. Barbarian though he was, he set an example that some modern commanders have failed to follow.

The Romans must have been saddened to see the costly furniture, the Persian rugs, the robes of purple silk, and the gold and silver dishes that had escaped the flames, piled into the two-wheeled carts of the victors and sent out of the city. But that was nothing to their grief and anger at being sold into slavery, as many of them were.

The Goths were no lovers of city life, and when they had worked off their rage against the Romans, they moved southward. They had not gone far when Alaric died. To make sure that no Roman should ever find his body, they forced their prisoners to turn a river from its course, and in the river bed thus laid bare, to dig a grave. Into the grave so strangely placed, they put Alaric with all his armor on, and piled around him great heaps of the gold and silver treasure they had brought from the city whose churches he had spared. Then they let the water back into the channel. When this was done, they killed all the workmen, so that none might tell where the chief of the Goths lay buried.

The brother-in-law of this mighty chieftain led his people out of Italy into the south of Gaul, where they ruled the land till Clovis came to Paris.

CLOVIS COMES TO PARIS

When Caesar was winning Gaul for Rome, one of the places he took was a small village built of reeds and rushes on a swampy island in the middle of a river. Its name, in our language, was Mud-town. Since that time the wretched little village has grown into the beautiful capital of France.

It was a long while after Caesar had driven the German tribes out of Gaul before they came back. But, as they became less and less afraid of the Roman governors, they helped themselves to larger and larger slices of the land along the west bank of the Rhine. The people of one of these tribes called themselves Franks. And this is the story of a Frank who, five hundred years after they had won it, took back from the Romans not only Paris but everything else they had in Gaul, and kept it.

Clovis, the Frank I am going to tell you about, was only fifteen years old when he became the chief of his



A FRANKISH WARRIOR

tribe. He must have already shown himself to be brave or he would never have been chosen chief. The next thing we hear about him is that he has conquered all northern Gaul, and has made the palace of the Roman governor his own home.

At about this same time Clovis heard of a princess whose wicked uncle, the king of a neighboring province, had murdered her father and driven her from home. Clovis thought he should like to marry the princess. But before making up his mind, he sent a trusty messenger to the town where the maiden lived to see if she were really as good and wise and beautiful as she was reported to be. As soon as the messenger saw her he was sure of her fitness to be the bride of a king. So he told the princess that Clovis wished to make her his wife, and showed her a ring that proved his words true.

Clotilda — that was the name of the princess — was delighted with the thought of being Queen of the Franks. She was happier yet to have such a chance to get out of the reach of her bad old uncle, and readily agreed to go with the messenger. They started as soon as possible, but not before the uncle had been told what was going on.

He sent a company of soldiers with orders to make all speed and fetch her back. Away galloped Clotilda. Fast behind her galloped the soldiers. Though Clotilda was in the lead, she had a hard race to reach the border of the country first. There she found Clovis waiting for her. If he had not been there, or if the soldiers had

caught Clotilda, this would have been a different story, or, maybe, no story at all.

Clotilda was a Christian but Clovis was not. It made her very sad to see him worship idols. She begged him every day to turn from them and pray to her God. But he said, "My gods help me to win battles, but your God does nothing for me."

When his first son was born, he let Clotilda have the child baptized. The little prince was only a few months old, when he died. Clovis was very angry and blamed Clotilda, telling her that the boy would have lived if he had not been baptized. When the second son was born, his father did not want him to be baptized, but to please Clotilda he finally consented. This baby lived. Still Clovis would not become a Christian.

One day Clovis hung his battle axe and sword on his belt, took his lance and shield, and made ready to go against a fierce German tribe that wanted to settle on his lands. When he said good bye to the Queen and the young prince, he must have looked very handsome. He had deep blue eyes, fair skin, a long drooping moustache, and golden hair that hung over his breast in two heavy braids reaching to his waist.

The Germans fought stubbornly and were getting the



CLOVIS
Based on an old French print

better of the Franks, do what they could. In the thick of one of the worst battles, Clovis suddenly remembered the God of Clotilda. He prayed to Him, promising: "If Thou wilt give me victory, I will believe in Thee." That day Clovis beat the Germans so badly that they ran away and never came back again.

Clovis kept his promise and was baptized, to the great joy of Clotilda. It was after this that they came to Paris, where they lived the rest of their lives. When they died, they were buried in a beautiful church built soon after Clovis became a Christian.

As soon as they were settled in their new home, Clovis thought it high time to punish Clotilda's wicked uncle, and he declared war against him. Clovis intended to treat him as badly as the uncle had treated Clotilda and her father. But he only succeeded in making the cruel king pay a large sum of money to keep his lands, for he never captured him.

You will remember that the followers of Alaric ended their wanderings in the southern part of Gaul. No sooner was the war against Clotilda's uncle settled than the king of the Franks set out to convert the Goths to his way of thinking about religion. Whether or not he succeeded, I cannot say, but he certainly made their lands a part of his kingdom, and himself their king.

We remember Clovis and tell his story because he joined all the people of Gaul into the nation we call France, and made it a Christian country.

CHARLEMAGNE, THE KING WHO HAD TWO CROWNS TO WEAR

The great grandsons of Clovis were so lazy and good-for-nothing that they were called the Sluggard Kings. Each grew more idle and useless than the one before him. Finally, everything that the king should have done was done by the Mayor of the Palace. One of these mayors thought that the man who ruled should also wear the crown. So he made himself king. He was the father of Charlemagne (*Char'le-mān*). *Charlemagne* means Charles the Great.

Charlemagne was so bold that he would hunt the wild boar alone, so strong that he could overthrow a horse and its rider with one blow of his fist. He could straighten out four horseshoes laid one on top of the other as easily as you could bend a wire. With one hand he could lift to the level of his head a man in full armor. But Charlemagne would not use his strength to hurt anyone who did not deserve to be hurt.

He liked to be kind to those who obeyed him. He was so fond of his children that when his daughters had grown up he did not want them to marry, because he could not bear to have them leave him.

Though he was constantly at war, Charlemagne found time to read and study. He invited all the learned men

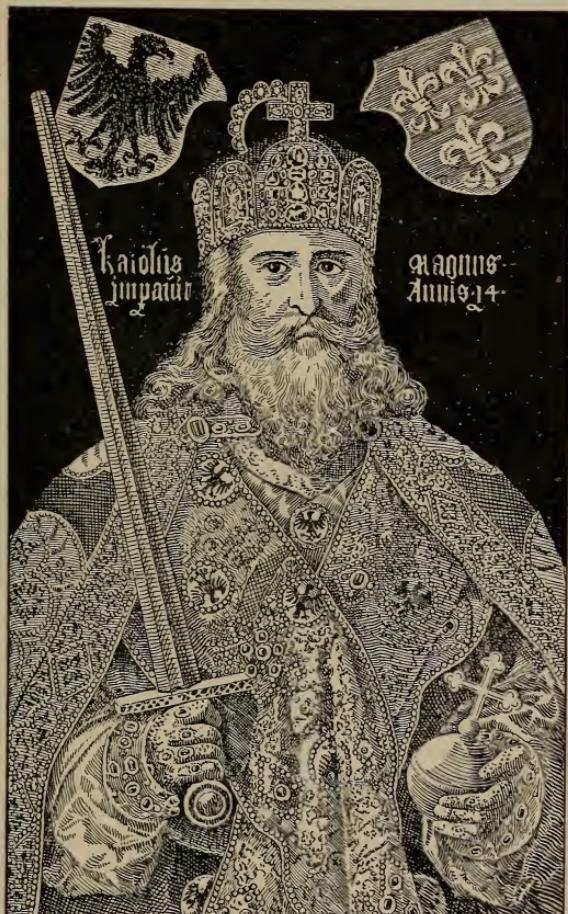
he heard of to come to his palace. He had two schools there, and several in other parts of his kingdom, which he often visited. On one of these visits he sharply scolded the sons of the chief men because they did not work so hard nor learn so much as the sons of the common people.

He divided the country into districts and sent men, to whom he gave the title of count, to govern them. He sent messengers to see that the districts were properly cared for, and to tell him all they learned on their journeys. If a count was dishonest or unjust, you may be sure he was severely punished. Do you know of another king who did something like this?

He built roads and bridges. He made the people in all parts of the country use the same kind of money, weights, and measures. I have heard that our own foot-rule is of that length because Charlemagne's foot was just that long. It is divided into twelve equal parts because the width of his thumb fitted into the length of his foot just twelve times. I do not know whether this is true or not, but it could very well be.

The Franks, as you read in the story of Clovis, were Christians. The German tribes to the east of them were not. They burned the priests sent to teach them, as well as the churches they built. The Saxons were the most cruel and persistent in their attacks, and Charlemagne resolved to punish them. It took him thirty years to do it, but at the end of that time Saxony was a part of his empire.

The war with the Saxons had just begun when the Pope of Rome called on Charlemagne to help him against the



CHARLEMAGNE

After the painting by Dürer (1410)

Lombards of northern Italy, with whom he had quarrelled. Charlemagne drove the king out of that country and was crowned king himself. In this way, he won the

first of the two crowns he was to wear. It was known as the iron crown of Lombardy. It was so called, though it was really a golden crown, because it had a small inner circle made of iron.

Tribes of Huns like those that drove the Goths across the Danube began to come into the country, killing the farmers and the townsmen and taking their lands and homes. Charlemagne gathered his armies, marched into the land of the Huns, and defeated their army. One of his generals destroyed their capital. In the end, the Huns, too, became his subjects.

After the victory over the Huns, he was master of nearly all of what had been the western half of Caesar's kingdom. But there had been no Roman emperor in the west for three hundred years. Men began to think that the king who really governed this land should be the emperor.

In the autumn of 800 A.D., Charlemagne went to Rome to visit the Pope. On Christmas Day of that year, he attended mass in St. Peter's Church.

The church was crowded. It was but dimly lighted by the three thousand candles set in three silver rings hanging from the center of the arch before the altar. Beneath the arch, the golden shrine of Saint Peter sparkled with rare gems. The Pope in his gold-embroidered robe stood before the altar. The King in his purple gown knelt before the shrine. As he rose from his knees, the Pope set upon his head a crown of gold all a-shimmer with precious stones, and hailed him "Charles, the great

and peace-giving Emperor." In this fashion Charlemagne received his second crown.

Charles the Great had made friends with the rulers of other countries, and now they sent him good wishes and



CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE

After the fresco in Hôtel de Ville, Aix-la-Chapelle

costly presents. Among these friendly rulers was Haroun al Raschid, the caliph of Bagdad and, long years after, the hero of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. The Caliph sent the Emperor an elephant, and a very remarkable clock. There were twelve windows around the top

of the clock. Each hour one of the windows opened, a horseman came out, and the window closed. When the hour had struck, the window again opened, and the horseman returned.

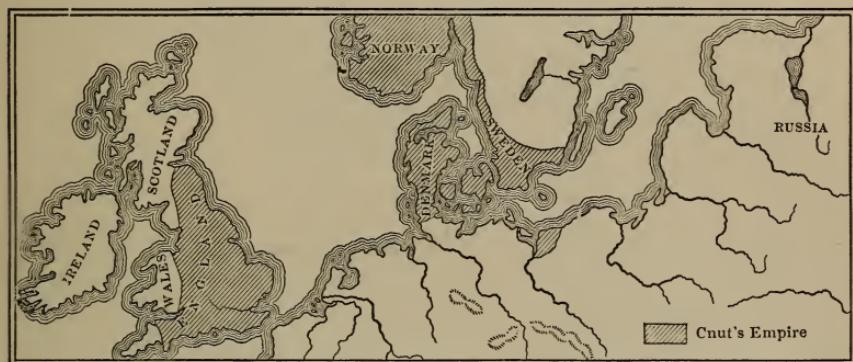
Charlemagne is called great because of the hard things he did. He joined many different peoples into one big nation, all having the same laws. He guarded the rivers and highways so that merchants could travel to trade with one another without fear of robbers. Then he held great fairs where they came to buy and sell. At these fairs people in one part of the nation came to know those in other parts. In this way they became friendly, and did not care so much to make war on one another.

Although Charlemagne did so much to improve the lives of his people, the richest persons in his kingdom were not so well off as most poor persons are now. There was no window-glass in the houses and no lights either inside or outside of them at night. The greatest nobles were lucky if they had two beds in their big palaces.

Charles the Great lived to be seventy years old. When he was buried, he was seated on a golden throne, dressed in his royal robes, with a crown on his head. His sword stood by his side and an open Bible lay on his knees. Some persons think this tale of his burial is not all true; but you may believe as much of it as you like.

ALFRED, WHO BUILT THE FIRST ENGLISH NAVY

When Alaric was threatening to destroy Rome, the Roman army in England was called home to defend that city. This left the Britons, as the people of England were then called, with no one to keep *their* enemies out of the island. And so it happened that some Saxons, of



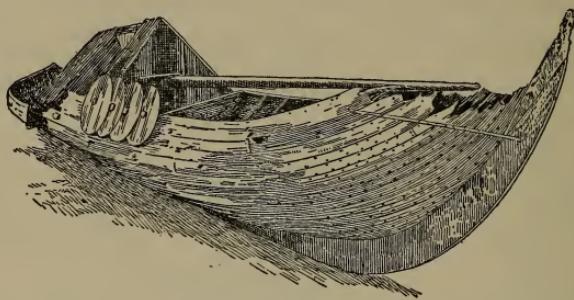
MAP SHOWING BY SHADING THE LANDS WHERE THE DANES LIVED

the very same heathen race that later gave Charlemagne so much trouble, sailed over to England. They killed or made slaves of all the Britons they could capture. They never conquered the hill tribes in the northern and western parts of the island, and the descendants of those Britons are living there yet.

Besides the Saxons, other tribes had settled in England from time to time. Each tribe had a tiny kingdom

and a chief of its own. The Saxon tribe was larger and stronger than any other.

Egbert, a Saxon king who had lived with Charlemagne several years, tried to persuade all the tribes to belong to one big nation with a single ruler, as was the case in France. It would have been well if they had listened to him. For more Germans, moving on from the east to



A SHIP OF THE DANES

This ship, which probably dates from about 900 A.D., was found in 1880 in a burial mound in Norway. It is 78 feet long and has seats for sixteen pairs of rowers, a mast for a single sail, and a rudder on the right or starboard side. The gunwale was decorated with a series of shields, painted alternately black and gold.

the west, soon overran England in great numbers. The English called them Danes.

The Danes were sea rovers. No matter how wild the tempest, no matter how high the waves, away they dashed in their light, low barks, and landed where they were least expected. Under cover of the mist or the storm or the dark of the night they would steal quietly up to a village, a church, or a convent. Then with loud shouts and savage laughter, they would begin to rob, kill, and

burn. Before the natives could recover from their fright, the thieves were away on the rough sea with their plunder. And nobody seemed able to catch them, or to keep them out of the island.

By the time Egbert's grandson, Alfred, became king, many Danes had made their homes in England. They did not treat the English any better on that account, however. Most of the tribes yielded to these robbers. Those led by Alfred did not. Every time the Danes tried to burn the houses or steal the cattle and the crops of his followers, Alfred fought them off. He built ships and actually won a sea-fight against those skilful pirates.

But Alfred did not have vessels enough to keep the Danes away. His army was no match for the hundreds of them that landed on every shore. He was defeated in a great battle and lost most of his men. Those that were left hid with him in a swampy forest where the only dwellings were the scattered huts of the cowherds.



ALFRED THE GREAT

This statue, set up at Winchester, Alfred's ancient capital, was dedicated in 1901 on the thousandth anniversary of his death.

Alfred spent several days in one of these huts. He would sit by the fire thinking and planning what he should do to win and keep his country from those bold outsiders.

The busy housewife thought he was merely idle, and that he ought to go to work as her husband did. She



KING ALFRED ALLOWS THE CAKES TO BURN

was determined he should do something. One evening she told him to watch and, when they were ready, to turn the cakes she was baking for supper, while she went on an errand. The king, busy with his thoughts, forgot the woman and his supper. When the cowherd's wife came back, there lay the cakes burned to a crisp. She was very angry and spoke sharply to Alfred, saying, "It's a pity you could not at least turn a few cakes; you are

ready enough to eat them when they are done." Do you suppose she ever found out that he was the king?

In order to learn how many there were in the enemy's army, he dressed himself like a traveling musician and entered their camp. There he sang songs and told stories, all the time paying attention to everything that went on. When he returned, he knew enough to enable him to surprise and capture the camp the next spring.

Alfred could not drive them from the country, but when the Danes saw that they could not beat him, they were glad to agree to stay in the north and east of England and leave the south and west for him.

Though now free from war, the country was in a pitiable condition. The king began at once to improve it.

To keep out other enemies that might come by sea, he built forts along the coast. Better yet, he built more boats — a new kind of ship made after a pattern of his own. They were twice as long as the Danish vessels, swifter and steadier. Some of them had as many as sixty oars. I do not believe he had more than a hundred ships when they were all done, but the sturdy sailors of this first English navy at last taught all sea-going folks to keep at a safe distance from England.

The king also built churches and convents. He invited learned men to come to England to teach him and the children of the court.

Even when a very young boy Alfred was fond of books and study. His mother showed him and his brothers a book of poems and said, "I will give this book to the one

of you who first learns to read it." Alfred took the book to his teacher. In a few days he brought it back, repeated the poems to his mother, and received the book as his own.

But it was not the kind of book you read. Nobody, even then, knew how to print. Alfred's book was written on sheepskin which, when prepared to be written on, was called parchment. Many of the initial letters were beautifully colored in red, blue, and gold. The large initials also had fanciful lines that sometimes formed pictures of imaginary beasts or birds or persons, twined in and out of them.

Now that he was king, Alfred ordered that all free boys should learn to read English. But how could they, when the only books to be had were written in Latin? Busy as he was, the king took time to change some of these books from the Latin into the English language. You would find it no harder, though, to read Latin than you would to read the English of King Alfred's time.

When men went to law about anything, King Alfred made his judges decide in favor of the man who was right, whether the man was rich and could give valuable presents to the judge, or poor and could give nothing at all. If a judge decided unjustly, Alfred asked him if he had done so out of greed or fear, or because he did not know any better. If the judge confessed that he knew no better, the king told him he must either give up his office or begin at once to study everything he needed to learn in order to be a better judge.

It would seem as though there were no clocks in England in those days. For this is the way Alfred made sure he would have some time for all the things he wanted to do. He caused his servants to make six candles of



ALFRED RECEIVES HIS BOOK

equal weight. Each candle was twelve inches long. These six candles, burning one after the other, lasted twenty-four hours, unless the wind blew, in which case they were blown out. To prevent such accidents, the king took pieces of white ox-horn, scraped them very

thin, and set them in a wooden frame. Inside the framework he put the candle, which, thus shielded from the wind, burned steadily.

Alfred was not only a great king but a good man. He was kind and unselfish. He never made war merely for the sake of earning glory for himself. And he never used his power as the ruler of the nation to make himself rich.

The people, seeing how wise and good their king was, and how hard he worked and studied, tried to be like him. So they became rich and happy and powerful, instead of poor and weak and wretched as they had been before Alfred the Great saved England from the Danes.

WILLIAM OF NORMANDY, WHO CONQUERED A COUNTRY BUT NOT ITS LANGUAGE

As you know, Alfred the Great forced the Danes to leave England at peace. Unfortunately, the rulers that came after him did not know how to govern their own people well nor how to keep the tribes of their enemies from pushing forward.

Meanwhile, the Danes increased in numbers and power. Not more than a century after the death of the great Alfred, they drove the English king out of the country and put one of their own chiefs on the throne. The English king went to France, where his son Edward had as a friend and companion, William, the Duke of Normandy.

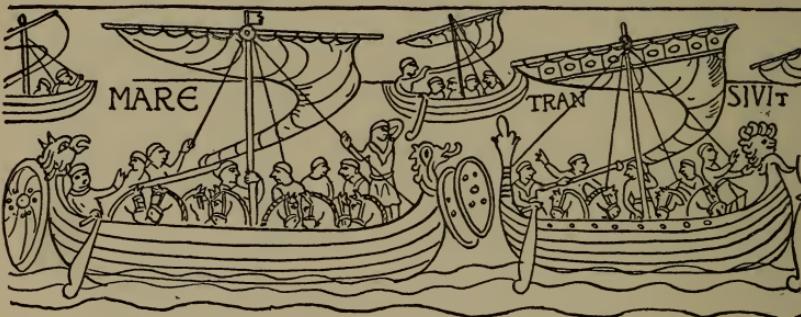
After Edward had grown up he was called back to England to be its ruler. Before leaving France, he promised Duke William to make him the next king of England. Edward ought to have known that he could not keep



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR
After an old coin

such a promise, because the English people chose their own kings. And when Edward died, they chose the English Harold, not the Norman William.

Strange to say, Harold had been shipwrecked on the coast of France several years before, and he had fallen into the hands of the Duke. Before Harold was set free, he was obliged to promise that he would help to make the Duke of Normandy the King of England when Edward



THE NORMANS CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

From the Bayeux Tapestry, embroidered in the time of William the Conqueror

died. Consequently, William was very angry when he heard of Harold's election and declared he would take the kingdom away from him.

The duke called for carpenters and shipbuilders. Then there was such a carrying of wood and sawing of planks, and setting up of masts, and spreading of sails as had never been seen in Normandy. As soon as the ships were ready, he called for knights, and bowmen, and laborers, and horses, and sent them on board. Then away they all sailed for England.

As they were landing on the other side of the channel, William stumbled and fell, to the great distress of his men. They thought it a sign of bad luck. But the duke quickly sprang to his feet and cried out, "I have seized the soil of England with my two hands and I will never give it up." That brought the soldiers' courage back to them.

There was no one to hinder their landing because Harold was in the north of England fighting the Danes that his own brother had invited to come over. He defeated them, and then hurried to the south to drive the Normans back to their own country.

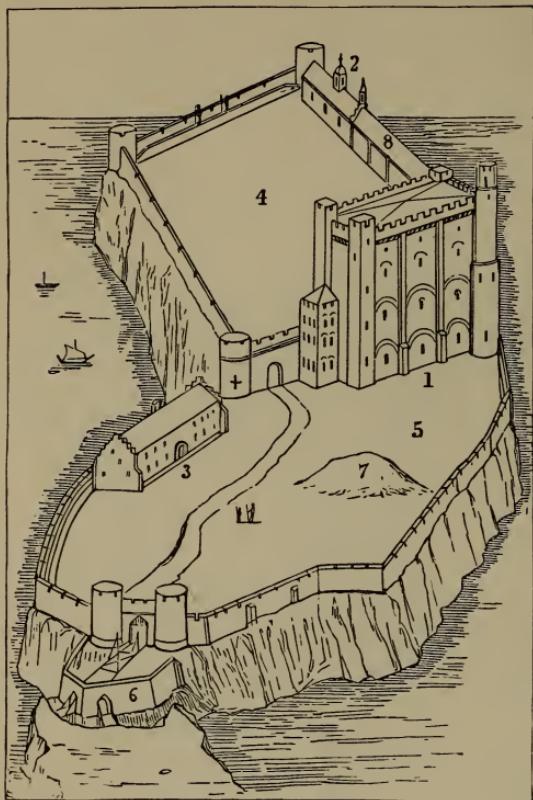
The Normans wore chain coats and steel helmets, and carried a sword and shield. Many of them rode horses. Harold's army of half-trained farmers had only the ancient battle-axe, or such tool or weapon as each had been able to pick up for himself.

The Normans began the battle before Harold's army had rested after their forced march from the north. The English held their ground all day and drove the enemy back again and again. Toward sunset Harold was killed



NORMAN SOLDIERS

by an arrow that struck him in the eye. With no one to direct them, the weary English troops gave way and each man fled in whatever direction he thought he could find safety. So ended the Battle of Hastings, on October 14, 1066.



PLAN OF A NORMAN CASTLE

- 1. The Donjon-keep. 2. Chapel. 3. Stables.
- 4. Inner Court. 5. Outer Court. 6. Outworks.
- 7. Mount, where justice was executed. 8. Soldiers' Lodgings.

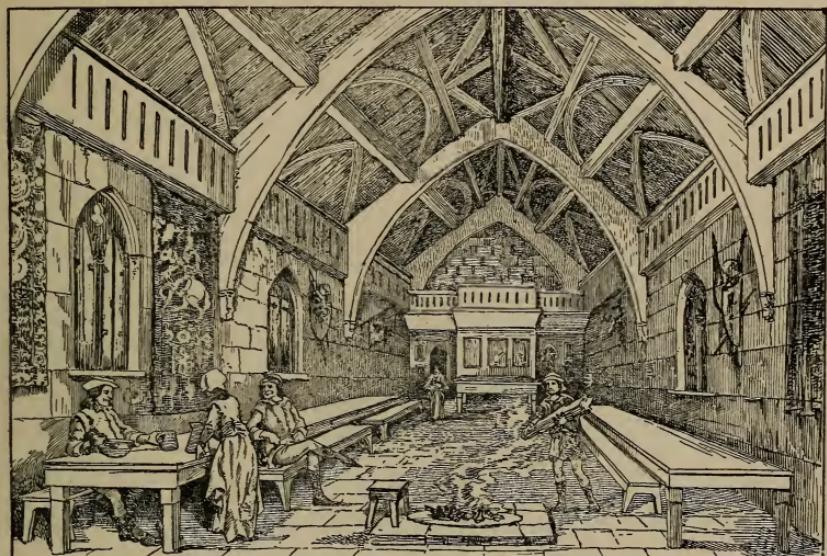
On Christmas Day of that same year, the Duke of Normandy was crowned King of England. Does "Christmas Day" remind you of another king and his crown?

William had won England and he now prepared to keep it. Here and there throughout the country, stout stone castles were built and given to the Norman lords and their sol-

diers. So, if the people in the neighborhood of these castles wanted to rebel, they would be likely to think twice before doing so.

The castles had a round or a square tower in the cen-

ter, where the owner lived. Narrow openings in the stone walls, covered with iron gratings, served as windows. On the ground floor was a large room kept warm by a blazing log fire, where the family and the guests ate and worked. The walls were generally hung with a figured cloth called tapestry.



THE GREAT HALL IN AN ENGLISH NOBLE'S HOUSE AT ABOUT THE TIME OF
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

Under the tower was the cold, dark, damp dungeon into which evil-doers were thrust, and where they sometimes stayed till they died. Outside the tower was a courtyard. Here the soldiers drilled, the bright-eyed children played, the ladies walked and chatted after their spinning was done.

All around the courtyard was a thick wall with watch-

towers a little way apart. Beyond the wall ran the moat—a ditch filled with water. Whenever anyone wanted to go into or out of the castle, a bridge was let down across the moat.

The king gave all the high offices, and most of the land taken from the English, to his Norman friends. The Normans thought themselves much better than the English, and slighted them in every way. They made fun of the looks, manners, and speech of the Englishmen. All the people about the king spoke French. They called those who used English ignorant boors.

This kind of treatment did not make Englishmen love the Conqueror. They clung to their mother tongue, and they were always plotting to get rid of their foreign king. They hated William especially on account of the Doomsday Book and the curfew.

The curfew was a bell that rang every evening. At the sound of the bell, all fires had to be covered and all lights put out. The English thought they should be allowed to put out their own lights when it suited them to do so. Perhaps the King thought they would be less likely to plot against him if they had to sit in the cold and the dark to do it. Or, perhaps he thought there was less danger of houses being burned if everyone was obliged by law to cover the fire before going to bed.

In order to find out just what every man in England owned, the king sent officers to look into every house and barn and pen and field in the land. What the officers learned was written in the Doomsday Book. When-

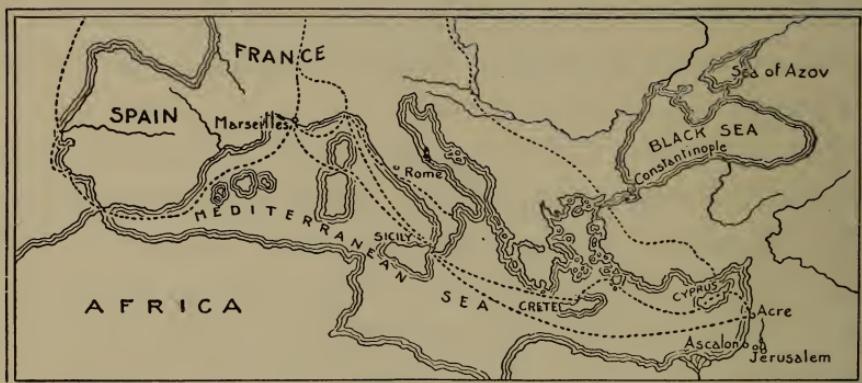
ever William wanted to tax his subjects he looked into this book.

William the Conqueror was very severe, but also very just. Those who broke the law were punished harshly. On the other hand, he would not permit anyone who did not deserve it to be punished at all. He put his own brother into prison for mistreating some of the people on his land. He tried to learn the English language that he might better understand the complaints of the common people. But as he soon gave up trying, I suppose he found it easier to master England than to master its language.

But, gradually, the two peoples hated each other less, and they learned many useful things from each other. The English learned some of the good manners of the French, and caught some of their gay and venturesome spirit. And for all their stubbornness about the language, a good many French words became part of it, and we still use them. On their side, the French learned to share the independence of the English and to understand why they did not like the Doomsday Book and the curfew. And they both found out how easy it is for Englishmen and Frenchmen to trade with each other and so help to make each nation richer and more comfortable.

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

At about the time William of Normandy conquered England, the Turks conquered Jerusalem, the Holy City. Pilgrims to Jerusalem were insulted, robbed, murdered. Europeans made up their minds to take possession of the Holy City. The attempts they made to do this were called Crusades.

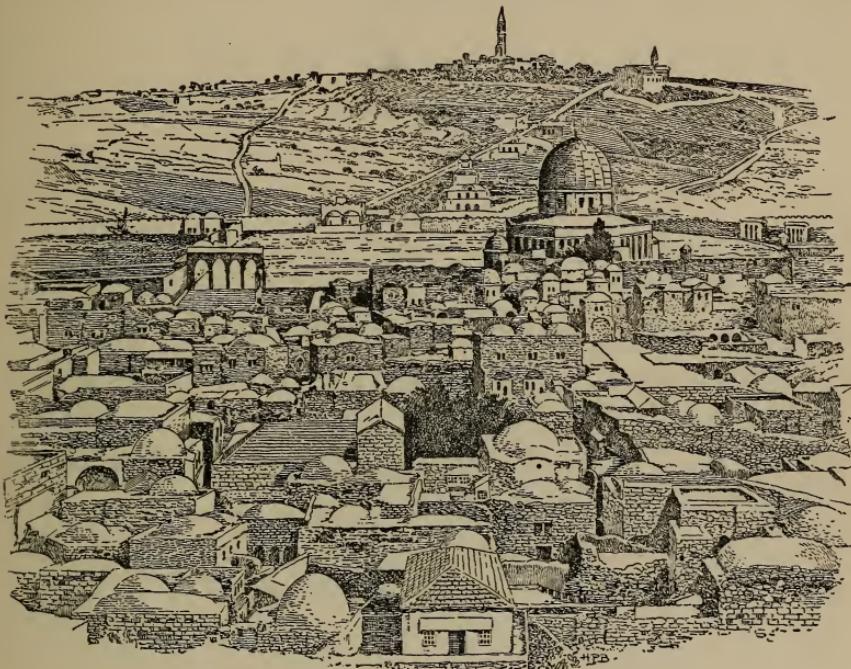


THE ROUTE OF THE THIRD CRUSADE

There had been two Crusades and the Christians had won the city by the time a great-great-grandson of William the Conqueror became King of England. His name was Richard Plantagenet (*Plan-taj'e-net*), but he was always so ready to fight, no matter how many were against him, and so fearless in battle, that he earned the name of Richard the Lion-Hearted.

When he went forth to battle, King Richard wore a closely fitting coat, made of small steel rings linked to-

gether, that reached to his knees. An undergarment made in the same way covered his legs. On his head, besides the hood of the coat, was a steel helmet. On his left arm was a kite-shaped wooden shield covered with black leather, having three rearing lions pictured on it.



A VIEW OF JERUSALEM
Showing the Mount of Olives in the distance

A heavy sword hung by his side, when it was not in his right hand. His horse was more strong than swift. Its bridle was trimmed with gold and silver and studded with precious stones.

Richard Plantagenet was not a wise king, but he was, nevertheless, a very famous man. He won his fame as

the leader of the Third Crusade. The Third Crusade was fought because Saladin (*Sal'a-din*), a brave Mohammedan (*Mo-ham'me-dan*) general, had taken Jerusalem away from the Christians. This capture stirred all Europe. Every important king and lord and knight "assumed the cross," which means that he put a red or a white cross on his breast or on his shoulder as a sign of his vow to win back the Holy City. A knight was a man who promised to be brave, to be merciful, to be kind to women, to help all who were in trouble. A knight would not take a mean advantage even of an enemy.

King Richard was the leader of the English knights and other warriors who took part in this Crusade. But he soon became commander-in-chief of the armies from all the other countries.

When he entered the harbor of Acre, according to an Arab historian, "for joy at his coming the Franks broke forth into public rejoicing, and lit mighty fires in their camps all night long. And seeing that the King of England was old in war and wise in council, the hearts of the Mussulmans were filled with fear and dread."

The sight from the harbor must have made Richard's heart beat quicker, too. Over the city waved the Crescent of the Mohammedans, with banners of yellow and green and black floating from every tower. On the plain before the city was the Christian army with the red Cross over-topping the variously colored flags of the nations. On the heights beyond the city, the tents of Saladin's hosts gleamed in the bright sunlight. A month later



RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED LANDING IN PALESTINE

the Crusaders had won the city and the Cross replaced the Crescent.

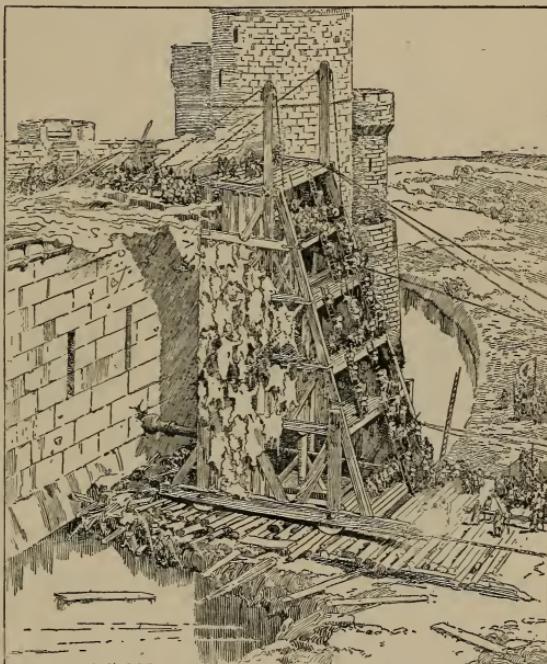
As they advanced toward Jerusalem, they were frequently attacked by great numbers of the enemy. It often seemed as though they must be utterly crushed. But Richard always saved the day by dashing to the front, shouting his war-cry, and cleaving a way with his sword.

Once, when Saladin had recaptured a city from the French, Richard insisted upon returning there. The French soldiers in his army refused to go with him. Taking a small English force in two or three galleys, he sailed swiftly back along the coast. Although there were but fifty of his knights among the troops that accompanied him, he actually chased the Turks out of the place. Encamped with his few hundreds, he was attacked the next day by as many thousands. Chiefly by his own bravery, he scared them off. Then he rode up and down in front of the enemy lines, crying, "Now who will dare a fight for the honor of God?" But not one would take up his challenge. From that time on, Turkish mothers made their children behave well with the threat, "King Richard is coming," and Turkish riders asked their shying horses if they saw "the Lion-Hearted King."

What a wonderful sight it must have been to see that fearless leader urging on his archers, his spearmen, his swordsmen, and his knights in armor to make worthy use of their weapons. Often, it was necessary to lay

siege to a well-defended city. Then other weapons were used. There were huge machines for hurling stones against the walls. Richard was very skilful in the construction and use of these. At one siege he got up from a sick bed to direct this work, and even aimed some shots himself.

But the greatest weapon of offense was the siege-castle. This was a movable tower, built of wood, high enough to overtop the walls of the town attacked. In the lower part was a heavy ram to break into the wall; higher up were bridges that could be lowered on to the wall. At the top were places for the archers and the stone-throwing machines. The defenders would try to keep the castle away from the walls by means of iron-pointed beams stuck out from them, or to set it on fire with flaming arrows. Or, when the enemy was close, they would pour Greek fire down on him. Most of these siege-castles were built as they were needed. But



MOVABLE TOWER

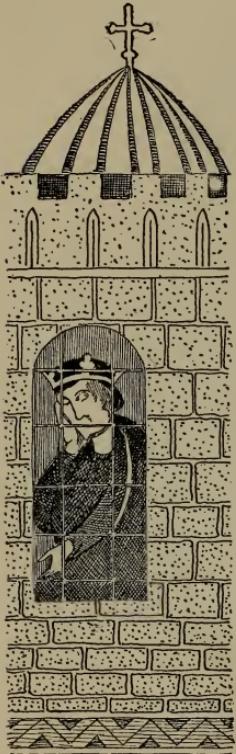
Richard had one specially made, which he kept with him through all his wars.

It was not because of any lack of skill or valor on the part of Richard the Lion-Hearted that Jerusalem was not taken. The King of France had gone home, and his people would not help Richard properly. There was much illness among the Crusaders, and the King himself

was now in poor health. Richard proposed a truce, to which Saladin was glad to agree. When Richard told him that he intended to come back and renew the war, Saladin said that if he had to lose the city he would rather lose it to Richard than to any other prince he had ever seen. He also invited Richard to visit Jerusalem as a pilgrim, but this the King refused to do, since he could not also go as a conqueror.

Richard was never able to carry out his intention to go back. Other princes were too jealous of his great fame. On his way back to England, he was captured and held prisoner in Austria. And after he succeeded in reaching home, there were wars with the French.

RICHARD I IN PRISON



Though not a wise king, Richard was a well-loved one. A story is told of how he once went disguised as a monk to Sherwood Forest to see Robin Hood and his Merry Men. Robin Hood seized him and held him

as a captive, although Richard first knocked Robin down. Admiring the bravery of the man, Robin Hood invited him to a feast. When they were all gathered, Richard showed his ring and said he was a messenger from the King. At mention of that name the entire company rose and shouted, "Long live King Richard!" That shows very well the feeling of his people toward him.

The Crusades did much for the nations of Europe, even though they failed to win and keep the Holy City. Through the Crusades, Europeans learned more than they knew before about medicine, geography, and arithmetic. For example, they learned to use the Arabic figures instead of the clumsy Roman numerals. They learned to raise such products as rice and oranges, and to make new goods such as silk and muslin. So, although Jerusalem remained a Turkish city for many centuries, the world can never forget the Crusades, nor the fame of their greatest leader, Richard the Lion-Hearted.

MARCO POLO AND THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN DRAGON

How should you like to have your father take you on a long journey across the blue waters of an inland sea, through strange countries, over snow-capped mountains, and across a wide desert to the court of a mighty emperor

who lives in a splendid palace? That is what happened to a boy about one hundred years after Richard the Lion-Hearted started for Jerusalem.

But that boy, Marco Polo, was older than you are. He was seventeen when his father and his uncle, taking him with them, started from Venice to revisit Kublai Khan, who ruled the broad plains watered by the long,

crooked, yellow river of China, or Cathay, as it was called then.

It took them four years to go from Venice to Pekin. If you were to start from here now, you would probably go part of the way in a swiftly moving train drawn by a steam locomotive, part of the way in a steamship larger than your house, and part of the way, perhaps, in an



KUBLAI KHAN

From an ancient Chinese
manuscript

electric car or automobile, and you would reach Pekin in about four weeks.

Marco Polo went on his journey five hundred years before anyone dreamed of making vehicles moved by steam or electricity. In his day, men went by water in small sailing vessels. When they went by land, on an



CARAVAN CROSSING THE DESERT

Eastern trip, they banded together on horseback, with the things they needed for the journey and the things they wanted for trading loaded on the backs of camels. Such a company of men, horses, and camels is called a caravan.

The caravan traveled by day and camped by night. Sometimes they met caravans coming the other way, or one coming from a distant place but going in their direction for a time. Then there were kindly greetings

and friendly visits, and weird stories of fabulous men and monstrous animals, told as the wanderers sat in the shadow of their tents while the round full moon glided along its star-set way high over their heads.

Often, however, troops of enemy warriors or bands of savage robbers would swoop down upon the caravan.



TRADE ROUTES TO THE EAST

Then there followed terrible hand-to-hand fights, and sometimes all the men would be killed and their goods and camels stolen. Besides the danger of being attacked by these fierce tribes, there was the chance of being lost in a desert, or buried in its sand storms, or overcome by the great heat.

It was Marco Polo's father and uncle who went to the

Far East and first brought back to Venice news of the rich empire of Cathay. But only the people who heard them speak and those to whom these hearers repeated the tale knew about their great journey, and before long what they had said was forgotten. Four years after Marco came home, he was captured by the Genoese in a sea fight between them and the Venetians. While a prisoner in Genoa, he told his fellow captives what had happened to him during the twenty-four years he had been away from Venice.

This exciting story of bleak plains, lovely valleys, and dense forests; of gilt palaces, mountain caves, and heathen temples; of hardships, dangers, and escapes, was written down by one of the prisoners. Several copies of this

story were made, but the monks who made them were not always careful to copy just what they read. And if they did not understand some word, thinking it was wrong, they left it out or put a different one in its place. This makes it doubtful just what Polo did say in some parts of the book. After a while, even these written ac-



A MONK COPYIST

From a manuscript in the British Museum,
London

counts of the East were laid away, and forgotten for nearly two centuries.

Then a wonderful thing happened. People found out how to print books. By printing them, books could be made in greater numbers, much more quickly and much more cheaply than by script, so that many persons who could not have them before, now had books to read. Among the hand-written books that were printed, was this two-hundred-year-old story of Marco Polo's. When Columbus read it, he became more eager than ever to find a short way to Cathay.

"But what about the land of the golden dragon?" you ask. It is a long way from Venice to that, and it is in his book that we read how Polo reached it.

With his father and his uncle, he set out from Venice one clear April morning on a war vessel bound for Turkey. On the way through northern Turkey they observed many curious customs of the natives and passed through many queer cities. One day a friendly chief invited them to join a hunting party. Marco was too young to take part in the hunt itself, but from a safe distance he saw a gigantic tiger attacked by the hunters from the backs of their elephants, and finally killed. In later years Marco took part in the chase and capture of this big game.

When they reached the lower valley of the Tigris, they were assailed by fierce-looking robbers with long moustaches and gleaming black eyes, who were, after a hard fight, driven back to their mountain retreats. Shortly

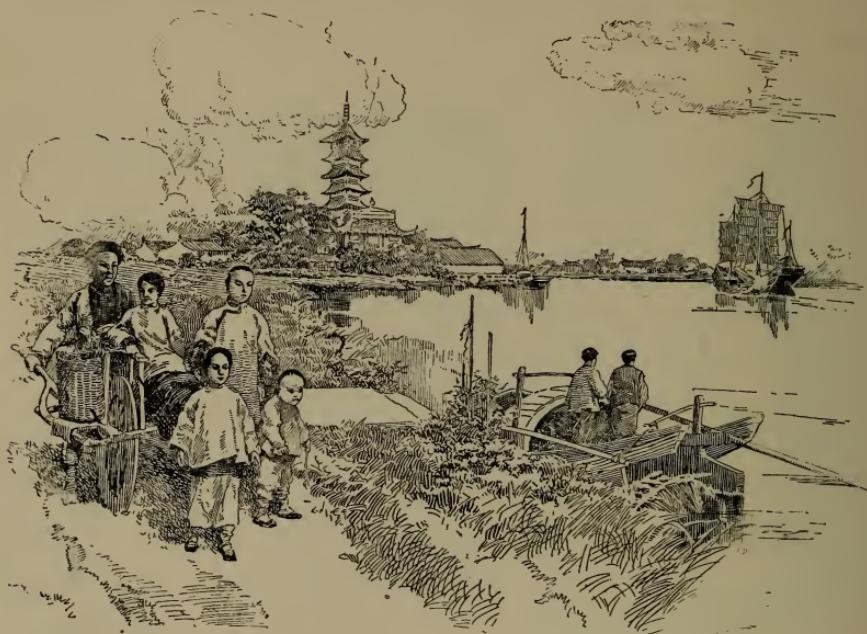
after this adventure they entered the city so famous in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. Of course, Haroun al Raschid had died long ago. But don't you suppose Marco was delighted to see with his own eyes some of the sights that good Caliph had seen? And shouldn't you be?



A SCENE IN BAGDAD

The little band of travelers, crossing the Persian Gulf, found themselves in the flowery kingdom of Persia. From a town near the Caspian Sea, they turned due east. Soon Marco was surprised by the sight of a rugged range of mountains higher than anything he had ever imagined, which they crossed before coming to the "Roof of the

World," the highest of all plateaus. In many parts of the mountains they had to go in single file, leading the horses and camels through a narrow defile or along the edge of a deep gorge.



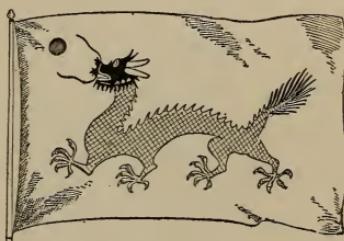
A SCENE IN CHINA

Passing through a country where they saw rich red rubies, silver ore, vast herds of wild sheep, and swift, unshod horses, our travelers came to the edge of a great desert. They made ready to cross the desert by providing "a month's supply for man and beast;" for it would take that long to cross it, and "not a thing to eat is to be found on it. But after riding for a day and a night you may find fresh water enough, mayhap, for some fifty or a

hundred persons with their beasts, but not for more." Nothing was to be seen but sky above and sand beneath — no trace of a road and nothing "to guide them but the bones of men and of beasts."

The desert once passed, they entered a farming country where the fields were green with crops, and the people busy, happy, and peace-loving. As they advanced into the country, they passed little villages, populous cities, and magnificent temples. Slant-eyed, yellow-skinned little men, in loose shirts, creaked along the rough roads in clumsy carts that had no springs, or floated down the streams in queer, square-sailed boats called junks.

At last they were but three days' journey from Xandu, the summer home of Kublai Khan, to whom they sent a messenger. The great Khan himself, seated under a glittering canopy of silk and gold on the back of a huge elephant, and attended by a long train of horsemen, came to meet them. And now for the golden dragon! It was everywhere in Xandu — on the banners, dresses, dishes; on the walls of the white marble palace and on the columns that supported its roof. The flag of China for many hundred years had a dragon on it. If ever you go to China, you will learn, as Marco Polo did, that this scaly monster with teeth, claws, and tail, represents to the Chinese all the powers of earth, air, and water.



FLAG OF THE CHINESE
EMPIRE

Besides the marble palace, there was in Xandu another one built entirely of bamboo. The Chinese not only built palaces of bamboo but used it for everything else you can think of — sails, weapons, tools, footballs — even the stick with which law-breakers were beaten was of bamboo.

During his travels in China, Marco Polo found people using a “kind of black stones” which they dug out of beds in the mountains and burned like firewood. Can you guess what the stones were?

In another place he noted great numbers of mulberry trees. Feeding on the leaves of the trees were the silk-worms from the cocoons of which the Chinese made the beautiful silks so much prized by Europeans, who received them by way of India.

Polo crossed a mountain where a lovely blue stone (lapis lazuli) used in jewelry was found in abundance. But no one dared to take any of these stones without the Emperor’s order. He visited a river whose sands were full of gold, and a lake where divers fished for pearls.

There were many other interesting things seen and done by Marco Polo during the twenty years he lived in China. Sometimes, perhaps, you will read about them in the story of his *Travels*, just as he told it himself.

COLUMBUS, LOOKING FOR A NEW WAY TO THE SPICE ISLANDS, FINDS A NEW WORLD

You might expect that the people of Europe, as they learned of the wonders of the Far East from Marco Polo and other travelers, would be eager to keep on trying to find new and strange lands. But for many years every country was so busy fighting its neighbors that there was little time or money to give to other things.

Besides, most of the people were uneducated and believed that the earth was flat. Ever since Alexander's teacher, Aristotle, had proved that it is round, learned men had agreed with him. But ignorant people thought it could not be shaped like a ball. How could men walk upon the under side, heads down, like flies on a ceiling? Of course, no one who thought the earth was flat would risk running far out into an unknown ocean where the ship might topple over the edge. So, even the few



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
From the bust at Pavia

who were wiser than the others and wanted to learn more about the world, could not get men enough to sail their vessels.

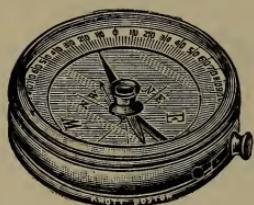
The world has grown wiser since those long-ago days, and much of its knowledge is due to the efforts of the brave men who dared to prove that their ideas were right. One of these men, Christopher Columbus, was born in Genoa, where Marco Polo two hundred years

earlier had told the story of his travels. Columbus early showed great love for life on the sea. The good education that his father wisely gave him enabled Christopher to become, even as a young man, a clever seaman and a skilled navigator. When he reached manhood,

he believed that the earth is a globe, and that the Spice Islands could be reached by sailing westward from Europe. A sea route would be quicker, and would avoid the dangers of the caravan route overland to India.

By now the mariner's compass had come into general use. The Arabs had found this invention in China, and through them it had become known to others. By its means the direction in which a ship was sailing could be told at all times, and sailors no longer had to watch the sun on clear days, or look for the North Star on cloudless nights.

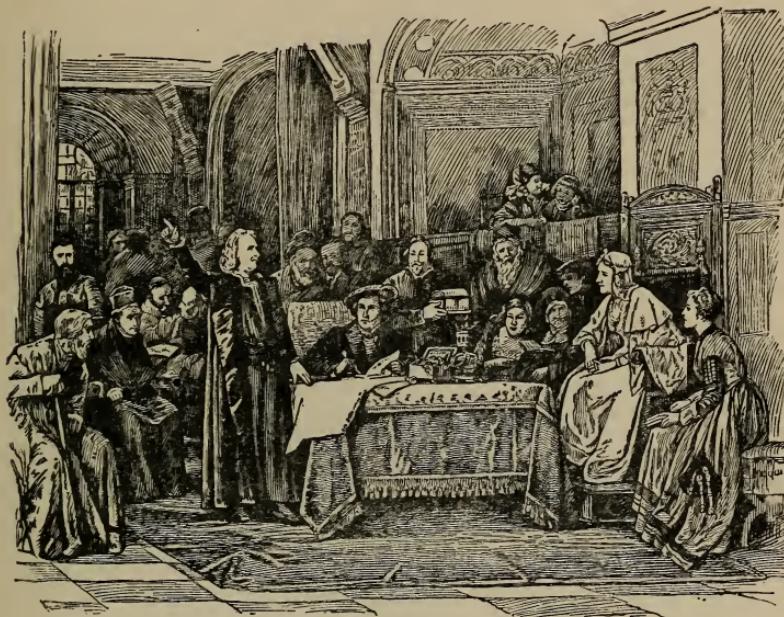
Columbus worked out how long it takes the sun to travel the length of the Mediterranean Sea, figured out the distance it would cover in twenty-four hours, and so



MARINER'S COMPASS

arrived at some idea of the size of the earth. He was now ready to venture westward over the unknown ocean and thus find a sea route to India and the Spice Islands.

Vessels and money were needed. He could find no one in his own land to help him get them, so he went to



COLUMBUS ASKING AID OF QUEEN ISABELLA

After the painting by Brozik

Portugal, which was at that time the most daring of the sea-going countries. Under the Portuguese flag, he went as far north as Iceland and as far south as the Canary Islands. But King John thought the only way to reach the Spice Islands was to go around Africa. He would give Columbus no help to carry out his idea of a western route. So Columbus next tried to interest the King and

Queen of Spain. For seven years he begged their aid, and at last they consented to give it.

There was great excitement in the little port of Palos when Columbus set forth with one hundred twenty men in three small vessels. They seemed tiny for the work they had to do, but Columbus chose them, instead of larger warships, because they could be more easily sailed and handled.

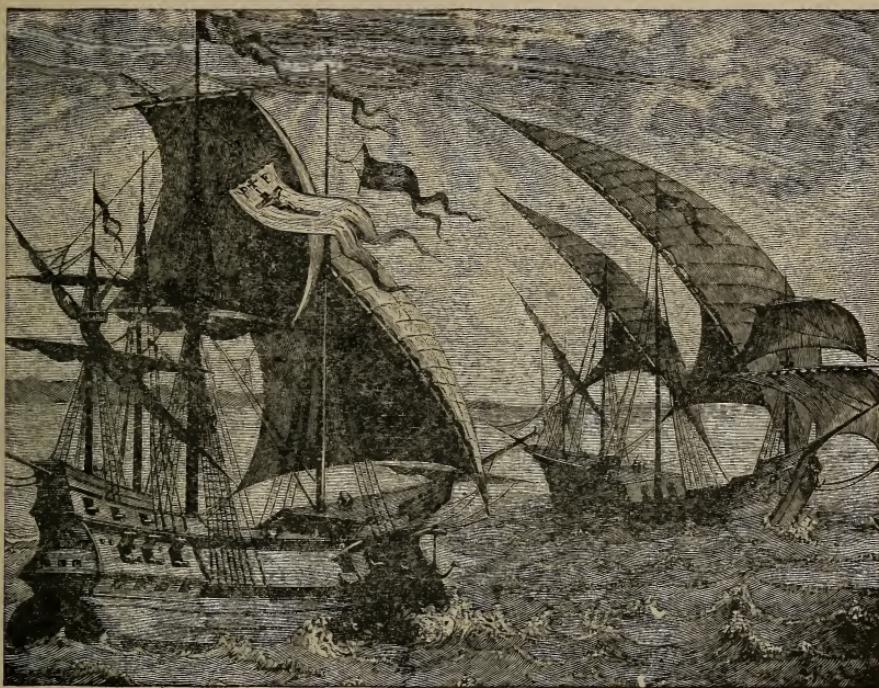


DEPARTURE OF COLUMBUS FROM PALOS

After the picture by Antonio Gisbert

At the end of a week, after some slight mishaps, they reached the Canary Islands. From here they headed due west into an unknown sea. Probably not a man on board except the leader himself had much belief in their possible success. His men did not share his faith. Few of them had volunteered. Many of them had been forced to go by the Queen's orders. Others had been released from prison on their promise that they would join the crews.

Small wonder that, before long, these untrained men became uneasy and afraid, and wanted to turn back. Their wise commander kept a true record of the number of miles traveled each day, but always told them it was a shorter distance. As a result, they did not think they



CARAVELS OF COLUMBUS

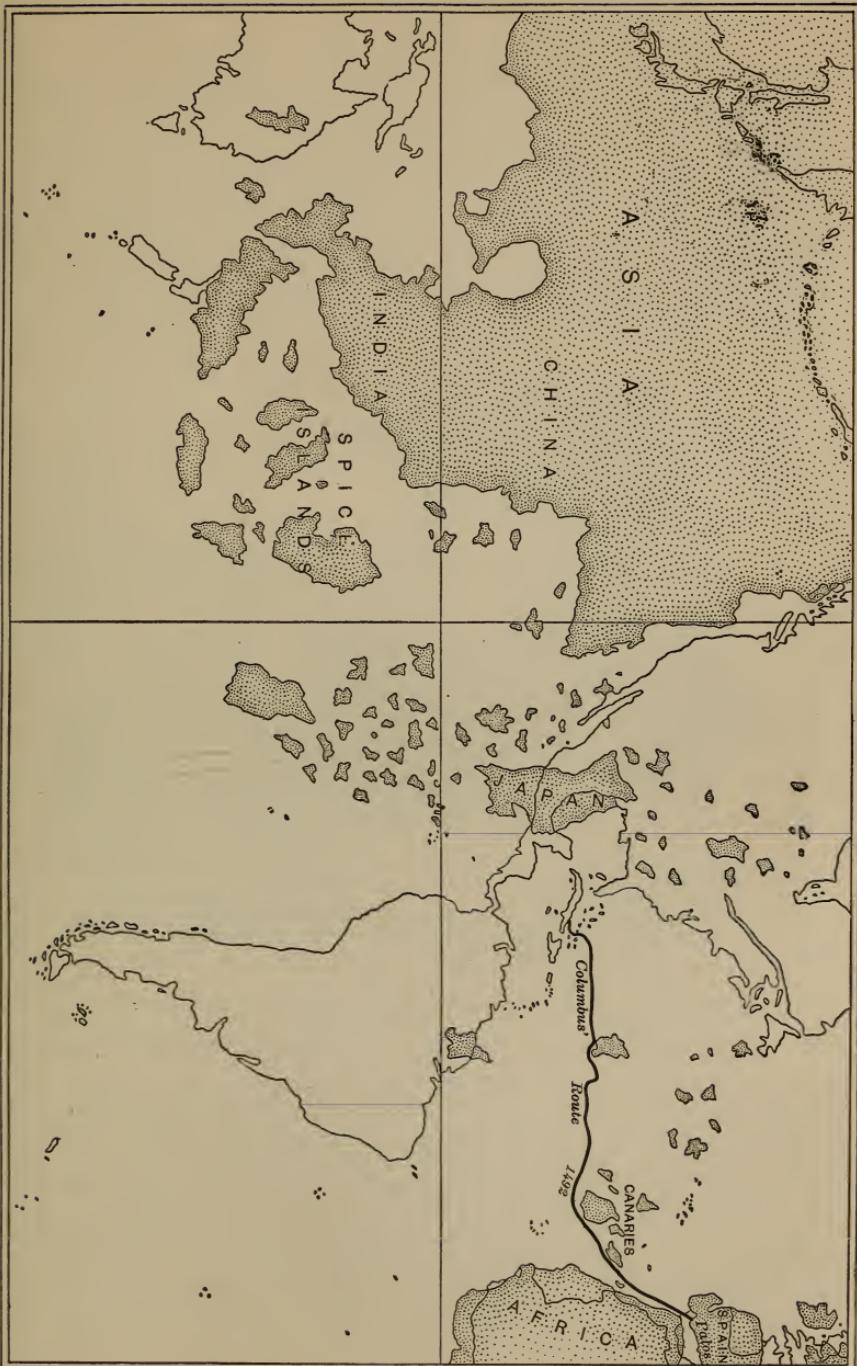
were so far from home as they really were, and gave less trouble than they otherwise would have given. Still there were many anxious days and nights for Columbus.

On September 14, 1492, they saw birds for the first time in over a month, and since several of these were land birds, the men were somewhat cheered. A week

later they ran into great quantities of floating seaweed. This fact gave them more hope that they were nearing land. But the weeds were so thick in places that it was hard to sail through them, and some of the sailors began to fear that the boats would become so entangled that they could never get out. Another week passed, and in spite of seeing more shore birds, and crabs, and small fish, the long-expected land did not appear.

Columbus had all he could do to keep control over his men. As his son says in telling the story, "They thought every hour a year in their anxiety to see the wished-for land." Then, too, these land signs made some of them think that they had passed by islands on their way, and they wanted to change their course and search for them. Columbus, however, was steadfast. Reminding them of the punishment they would receive from the king if they spoiled the success of the voyage, he sailed on and on, ever westward.

Shouts of "Land, land!" did not raise their spirits, especially after the first call proved to be a false alarm. But even the most downcast man could not help taking fresh courage when, "from the Admiral's ship a green rush was seen to float past, and one of those green fish which never go far from the rocks. The people in the *Pinta* (*Peen'ta*) saw a cane and a staff in the water, and took up another staff very curiously carved, and a small board, and great masses of weeds were seen which seemed to have been recently torn from the rocks. Those of the *Niña* (*Neen'yah*), besides similar signs of land, saw a



COLUMBUS'S IDEAS OF THE ATLANTIC
The shaded portions represent the land as Columbus expected to find it. The light outline of the Americas shows the actual position of the land about which he did not know

branch of a thorn full of red berries, which seemed to have been newly torn from the tree."

The same night flickering lights were seen ahead, and at daybreak, October 12, 1492, the anxious eyes of Columbus and his men looked upon land once more. How they cheered at the sight! Small boats soon carried



LANDING OF COLUMBUS, EARLY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1492

After the picture by Dioscora Puebla, the Spanish artist

them to shore, where Columbus took possession of the land in the name of the King and Queen of Spain.

Although he soon found this was only an island, Columbus had no doubt that it was a part of India, and so called the natives *Indians*. These naked, bronze-colored people, who proved to be peaceful and friendly, were

objects of great interest to the Europeans. On the other hand, the Indians looked with surprise and awe upon the wonderful white men, who wore clothing, and carried strange weapons, and sailed the sea in ships "with wings."

But Columbus was disappointed to discover that these people were poor. Where were the spices and silks? Where were the rich mines of gold and silver? When the women were asked where their gold nose-rings came from, they pointed to the south and told, in sign-language, of the marvels to be found there. They told, also, how warlike tribes from the north often attacked these southern nations, and came back laden with gold.

Columbus sailed on, searching for the lands they described. He found many more islands, but none of them bore out the promise of gold, not even the large island of Cuba, at which they finally arrived. They decided that this must be part of the mainland of Cathay, the country of Kublai Khan. Here they found Indians "rolling up dry leaves and lighting them, to hold them smoking between their teeth." They also found them cooking and eating a small bulbous root. But with their minds set upon the search for gold, they did not pay much attention to these things — tobacco and potato! Little did they think that these discoveries would mean more to the civilized world than could any number of gold mines.

While exploring the coast of Cuba, the flag-ship was injured so badly in shallow waters that she was of no further use, and the *Pinta* was missing. Columbus decided that he would have to return to Spain for more ships and

men. But there were too many to sail on the little *Niña*. He left a company behind to settle and explore the island, and started for home, luckily finding the missing ship on his way.



LANDS DISCOVERED BY COLUMBUS

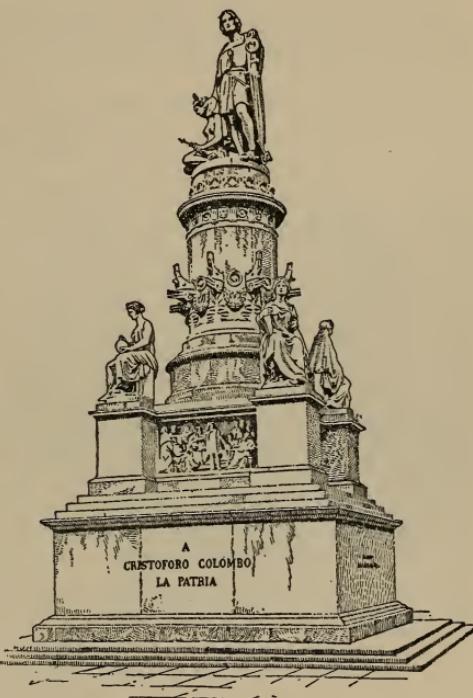
They met with terrible storms on the return trip, when it seemed at times as though all on board would be lost. But they won through, and entered the home port of Palos, which they had left seven months before.

Imagine the excitement and the rejoicing over their safe return, with the news that a western route to Asia had been found! Picture the glory of Columbus on his march of triumph to the capital. Think of his happiness when, upon his arrival, the King and Queen invited him

to sit beside them, the highest mark of favor. This was the proudest day of his life.

Now all Spain was eager to send a second expedition. This was done, and Columbus found other islands in the West Indies and made settlements there. On a third voyage he discovered the coast of South America. It was now charged against him that he was cruel, and did not manage things well. He was ordered home in chains. This disgrace, after all he had dared and suffered, nearly broke his heart. In spite of this, however, he made one more voyage, coasting along the shores of Central America.

When Columbus died, he still firmly believed that all the lands he had found were a part of Asia. He never knew that he had done a much greater thing than to find a western water route to Cathay or to the Spice Islands. He never dreamed of discovering a New World where, in years to come, mighty nations were to grow up out of the small settlements of emigrants from Europe.



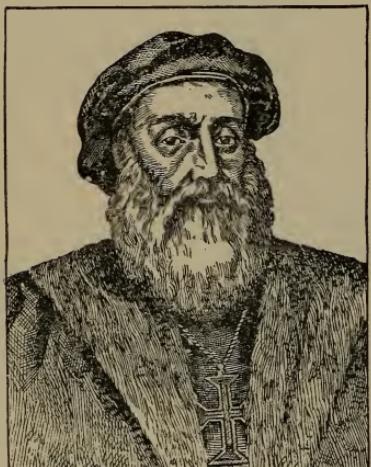
THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT AT GENOA

VASCO DA GAMA FINDS WHAT COLUMBUS LOOKED FOR

You remember that Columbus could get no aid from Portugal, mainly because that country was busy with its own answer to the question, "How can the Indies be reached by sea?"

The mariners of that country were not ready to believe they could do this by sailing westward. But they did think they might go around Africa. It is true they heard horrible reports of white men who went beyond a certain point on the African coast turning black; of the sea and rivers near the equator being boiling hot; of terrible monsters and sea-serpents that lay just beyond the known coast waiting for human prey.

In spite of this, some of the bolder captains ventured farther and farther southward. They did not turn black, nor did they find the boiling water and the sea-monsters. They did find gold and ivory, and they started the African slave trade. Before Columbus made his discoveries, they had passed the equator. They went even



VASCO DA GAMA

as far as the mouth of the Congo. But it seemed as though the southward-running coast would never end.

Finally, Bartholomew Diaz (*Bar-thol'o-mew Dē'ath*) succeeded in getting round the cape at the end of Africa. He called it Torment Cape, but King John named it Cape of Good Hope. For, having found it, there was "good hope" that they would also find a sea route to the Spice Islands.

The discoveries of Columbus were looked upon by the Portuguese as of little value. What had he found except a few small islands inhabited by poor savages? India was still to be reached. So, when King John died, his son carried on his work. Diaz was now too old to venture forth again, so the King had to look for a new leader to make the trip around Africa.

One day, in the courtyard of his palace, his eye fell upon a strong, active man about thirty years of age. The King sought no further. Vasco da Gama was his man. He made no mistake in this choice, for Da Gama had already made a name for himself as a sailor and a fighter.

Preparations were made with great care. Four small but strong vessels were specially built. Each was fur-



DANGERS OF THE "SEA OF DARKNESS"

From an old picture

nished with three sets of rigging. The ships were loaded with cargoes of great variety to be traded for products of the East when India should be reached.

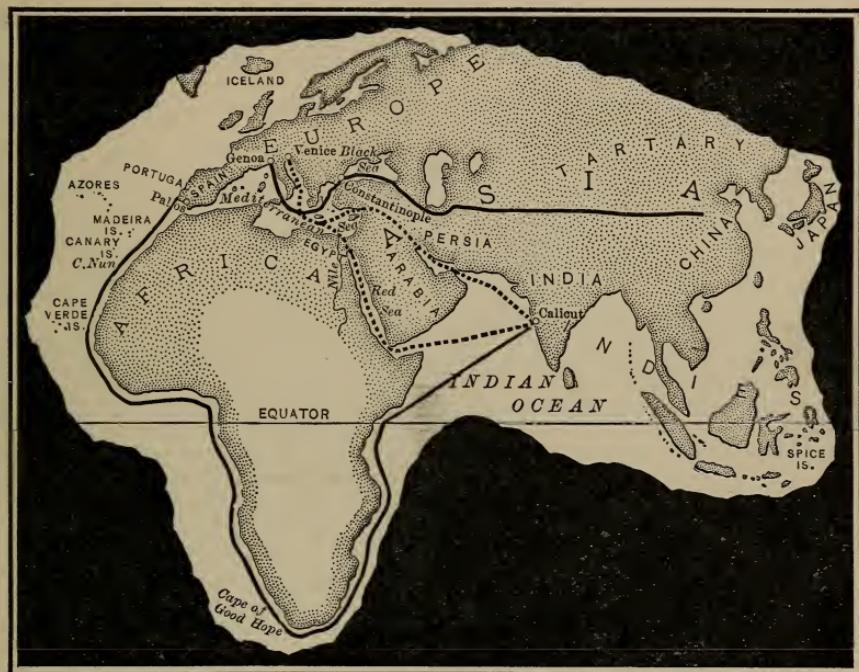
From the very start they met with difficulties. Head winds, storms, and calms by turns hindered their progress. They were more than a month reaching the Cape Verde Islands. Leaving them, they struggled on southward for over two months, out of sight of land. When at length they did turn eastward, they found the coast still running to the south. After a brief stop, for a little rest and to lay in a supply of fresh water, they continued down the coast. More tempests met them, and as they went on, day in and day out, that south-stretching coast seemed endless.

The weary men began to think that Diaz had been telling a made-up story about the Cape of Good Hope, or that he had just dreamed about it. They begged the captains to turn back, but their leader was firm. He shared their labors, worked and watched almost without rest, and set them a fine example of courage. When this did not quiet them, he told them angrily that he would keep on southward till they rounded the Cape or the ships went down.

At last, one day when they tacked to the east, no land appeared. Da Gama was sure he had passed the Cape, and turned northward. He was right; they soon saw land on the west. But a week of contrary winds drove them back past the Cape again. If he could have had a steamship, head winds and calms would not have delayed

him so often. But in order to have a steamship he would have had to wait four hundred years before making his voyage.

Once more they rounded the Cape and, helped now by good weather, succeeded, on Christmas Day, in reaching



THE PORTUGUESE ROUTE TO INDIA

The broken lines show the old trade routes to the East. The solid line shows the new Portuguese route

a point they named Natal. Can you see why they gave it that name? Soon, however, their old troubles returned. Storms, calms, currents, were against them, and, now added, the extreme heat of midsummer in the Indian Ocean.

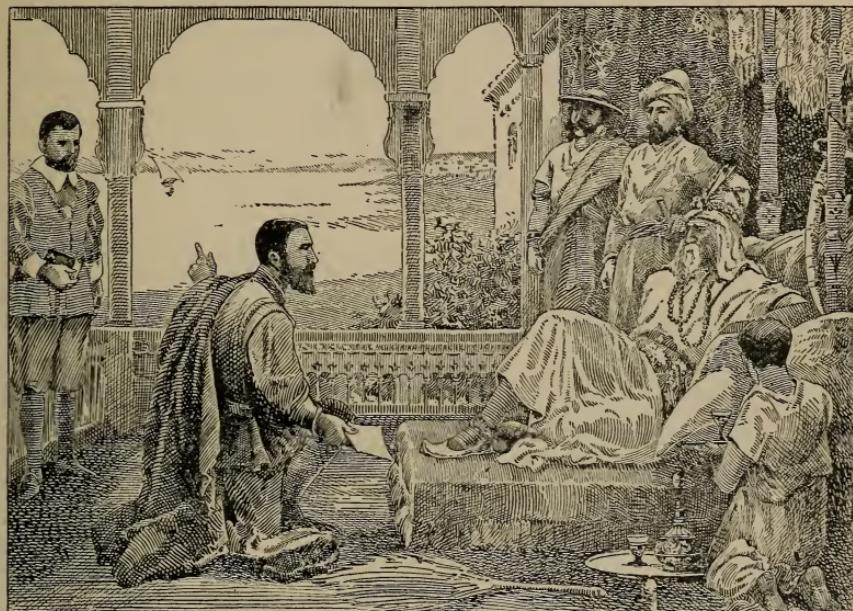
The men lost heart. Even the pilots became alarmed, and declared that the ships had been so badly damaged they could not outlast another gale. But Da Gama said, "I swore to turn back not until I should reach India. Let anyone who shall again propose to do so, expect to be thrown into the sea!" He looked as though he meant it, too. So the men lashed themselves to the rigging to keep from being washed away, and on they went. It became almost impossible to man the pumps and keep the vessels afloat. Even when the worst of the storm had passed, the ships were so leaky that the men in despair begged again that they might turn back. Da Gama answered, "I said that I would not. If I saw death in the way for every one of us, I would go on. To India, or perish!"

Then some of the captains plotted to seize the ships and turn back. The scheme was discovered by one of the loyal captains, who told Da Gama. He tricked all the leaders of the revolt into coming aboard his own ship, by telling them he would do as they wished, if they would all sign a paper to shield him from the anger of the King. When he got them there, he had them seized and put in irons. Bringing them on deck, he told his crew that the traitors would remain prisoners until he returned to Lisbon. He added, "I have need of neither pilots nor sailing-masters; henceforth I will direct the course of the ships myself."

But now scurvy broke out among them, the first cases of this disease known to European sailors. It is caused

by constantly eating the same kind of food, and by a lack of fresh vegetables.

On Easter Sunday, they anchored in the port of Melinda, and here Da Gama was delighted to find four Christian trading vessels from India. Up to now, all



VASCO DA GAMA PRESENTS TO THE SAMORIN OF CALICUT THE LETTER OF
THE KING OF PORTUGAL

After the painting by M. Salgado

the people along the coast had been either savages or Mohammedans, mostly hostile. But better than meeting their fellow white men was finding the king of the natives friendly. On his advice, they laid up for three months, waiting for the favorable trade winds to carry them across the Indian Ocean.

When they left, they were well supplied with fresh provisions. The ships were cleaned and calked, and all the rigging was renewed. Best of all, they had pilots who knew the way.

After a pleasant and peaceful trip, they sighted the coast of India, near Calicut. The goal had been won! Da Gama was so overjoyed that he released all his prisoners, in order to have not one sorrowful heart on board.

Before them lay a busy city with warehouses full of spices, drugs, wax, and amber, brought from the Spice Islands. There precious stones, gold, and other metals were to be had. There, too, was an abundance of grain, of carpet and cloth, of provisions of all kinds.

But to trade their cargoes for these products of the East proved to be no easy matter. There were many Arab merchants in Calicut, and they did not want to lose any part of their business to these Christians. They told the native ruler that Da Gama was a wicked pirate. They warned him that people had been slaughtered wherever the Portuguese had landed. They said the same thing would happen in Calicut if any treaty were made.

The Arabs were more alarmed than ever when the ruler, in spite of their evil reports, gave the strangers liberty to trade in the city. They bribed the captain of the guard to annoy the Portuguese so that they would do something to cause the ruler to put them all to death.

The captain of the guard laid a plot he thought would answer that purpose. He led Da Gama from street to street, turning first this way then that, till it was dark.

Stopping in an out-of-the-way place, he ordered Da Gama and the Portuguese with him to enter a house he pointed out.

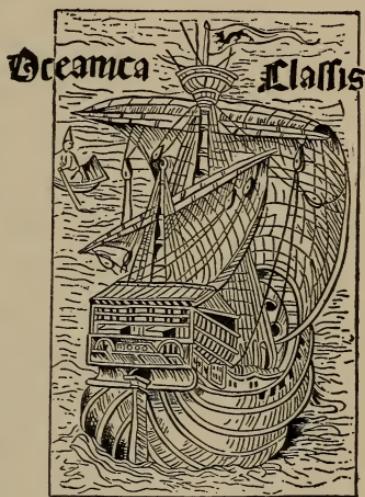
The captain left them there all night, and the next morning took them a day's journey into the lonely country. But Vasco kept his temper.

The captain insulted him, but he could not make Da Gama say or do anything that would serve as an excuse for killing him.

Not daring to keep them any longer lest the ruler find out the trick he was playing, the captain of the guard took his prisoners back to Calicut. The ruler did find out what his officer had done, and promptly had him arrested. He gave Da Gama a rich present in token of his regret for the captain's misconduct. He also helped him to finish getting his boats loaded. As soon as this was done, Vasco da Gama set sail for the return voyage.

Before he succeeded in entering a harbor on the African coast, the supply of water ran short, scurvy broke out again, and thirty of the men died. At one time, so many were ill that only seven or eight men were left able to sail each of the vessels. The sailors again threatened to turn back — to India this time.

When they reached Melinda, it seemed almost like



SHIP OF VASCO DA GAMA

home. After five days' rest they were ready to proceed. Making only such stops as were necessary to secure fresh water and provisions, they rounded the Cape of Good Hope once more, and started up that long, long western coast of Africa.

One autumn evening, the King of Portugal sat resting in his country place. Perhaps he was wondering what had befallen the little fleet he had sent out on the same errand Columbus had undertaken seven years before. A servant entered and said there was a strange, rough sea-captain outside who demanded to see the king. The man was admitted. He told the king that he had just come in a swift ship from the Cape Verde Islands. As he left, two weather-beaten caravels were crawling into harbor there. When hailed, they said they came from *India*, and were commanded by Vasco da Gama! It was true. Da Gama had found what Columbus looked for, a sea route to India and the Spice Islands.

We can well believe that the king hastened to Lisbon, and made great preparation to give his returning voyagers a royal welcome. Holiday was declared, and flags flung forth. People thronged the shore and the harbor was filled with boats. Da Gama and his men sailed slowly in, greeted by wild cheering, and salutes from cannon. Upon landing, he was received in great state. The king rose to greet him, which was a mark of special honor.

Da Gama was made a nobleman, and was given a large sum of money. Such a reward was surely due to the man who had found the sea-route to India.

CORTES, WHO RUINED A CITY TO WIN IT

You have seen how small tribes became large nations by adding to their own the lands their rulers won from neighboring or from distant countries. This story and the one about Pizarro (*Pi-zar'ro*) will show you how the little nation of Spain won and kept countries nearly as large as all Europe in the new land found by Columbus.

The Spanish conquerors in the New World were not looking for the glory of great victories over an enemy far outnumbering their own armies, as Alexander was; nor for new homes, as the Goths under Alaric were; nor for more people to govern, as Charlemagne was. They were looking for gold so that they might be very rich. They could not take the precious metal away from the Indians without first conquering them.

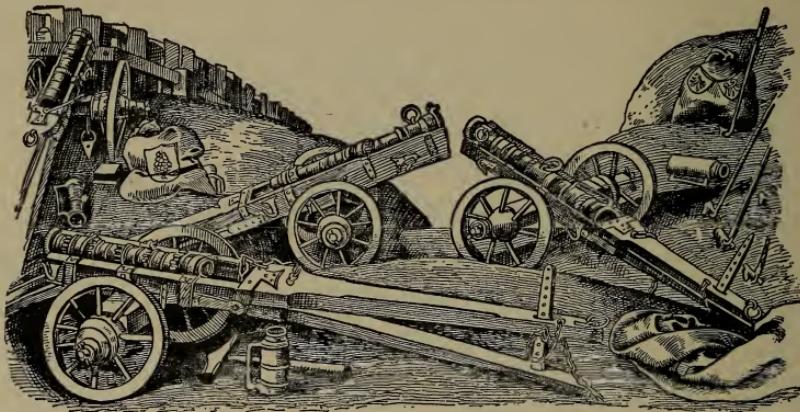
That the Spaniards were such cruel masters was due to their own hard hearts and coarse ways of living. For the Indians were friendly at first, thinking the white men must be the gods they worshipped coming to pay them a visit. Even when they had to fight the natives, the Spaniards could have been more merciful if they had wanted to be. Though the Indians far outnumbered



SPANISH KNIGHT OF
16TH CENTURY

them, the white men were better off for fighting in every other way.

About two hundred years before this time, gunpowder had been first used in a battle. During all the years following that battle, the nations of Europe had been using guns and cannon in their wars. And the Spanish



CANNON OF CORTES'S TIME

There are, in the naval museum at Annapolis, guns captured in the Mexican War supposed to be those used by Cortes

conquerors brought them to the New World. These magic tools, that had only to "speak" in order to kill men, filled the Indians with terror. Nor were they much less scared by the horses, animals they had never seen before. They were probably as much frightened at the sight of them as the Greeks were at their first sight of elephants. Besides, the Spanish soldiers wore armor and carried sharp swords. To oppose these weapons, the Indians could bring only their half-naked bodies and their lances or javelins, arrows, and wooden swords.

The first of these conquerors that I am going to tell you about is Hernando Cortes (*Her-nan'do Cor-tes'*).

It was only twenty-seven years after Columbus discovered America, in the same year that Magellan started on his great voyage, that Cortes landed on the coast of Mexico.

The chief tribe of Mexican Indians was called Aztecs. Montezuma (*Mon-tē-zū'ma*), who lived in the City of Mexico, was their king. What Montezuma heard about the pale-faced strangers on the coast, made him believe that Cortes was one of the Aztec gods returning home by way of Mexico from a visit to the sun. He sent messengers to greet the supposed god. The messengers took gifts of fruit, vegetables, and flowers, as well as of gold, jewels, and pieces of feather-work cloth. For all that, Montezuma did not desire the company of the strangers in his capital. He politely told them that it would be best for them to return to their own country. But, later, as they continued to draw near, he sent word to his subjects to receive them peaceably. Otherwise, he said, the god would utterly destroy the people. Had he been a little braver he might have saved the Aztecs from the very thing he feared would happen to them.



CORTES

After a painting in the Massachusetts Historical Society's collection

When Cortes was ready to go inland, what do you think he did to make sure none of his own soldiers would desert him? He caused all the ships to be sunk in the harbor one night while the sailors were ashore. With no ships,



SCENE ON THE ROUTE OF CORTES

From Charnay's *Ancient Cities of the New World*

it would be just as safe to go on as to turn back, no matter how great the danger.

Between the coast and the City of Mexico were tribes that did not want to be ruled by Montezuma. These tribes asked Cortes to help them break the power of the king. Cortes promised to do so. Consequently, thou-

sands of their warriors joined the Spanish army. It was well for Cortes that they did. In one place a tribe was unfriendly and would not let the strangers pass. In the battle that followed, if the natives were frightened by the roar of the cannon, the white men were equally panic-stricken by the yells of the Indians. Had it not been for his Indian allies, Cortes would never have seen the Aztec capital.

The Spaniards were guilty of many cruel deeds on their march. They entered a village where all the men were away, put the women and children to the sword, and burned the huts. In another place the people agreed to receive them as masters. After feasting the army of their masters for three days, their food gave out.

Cortes chose to regard this as a sign of unfriendliness. He ordered all the chief men to come to the square before the temple. Many of the warriors came, too, and the place was so crowded they could scarcely move. I suppose they expected some kind of entertainment. Certainly they could not expect any evil to befall them. Had they not given the great white chief all they pos-



MONTEZUMA, THE LAST KING OF
MEXICO

After Montanus and Ogilby

sessed, and obeyed him in every way? The Spaniards entered the square, and murdered every one of these harmless creatures. Not satisfied, they destroyed the whole town, people and buildings.

Leaving such traces as these in his path, Cortes appeared before the capital of the Aztecs.

The city was built on an island in a mountain lake. Three stone roads, called causeways, led across the lake from three different directions into the town. The three openings in each causeway were covered by bridges that could be drawn up. Where the three roads met in the city, there was a large square. Canals running into the island enabled canoes from the lake to enter the town. The houses were one-story high, and built around an open space called the court. Flower gardens covered the roofs.

In the square was the temple. You might represent it by five toy blocks placed one on top of the other, each block being smaller than the one below. Then imagine the blocks to be big enough to make a building as high as a ten-story house. The platform of each story was reached by a flight of stone steps.

On the topmost platform there was a huge gong made of snake skin, which was sounded only when something unusual happened. Here, too, were the altars. On these altars the priests sacrificed the prisoners taken in war. Before the altars there burned fires that were never allowed to go out.

Montezuma, thinking it useless to resist, invited the unwelcome visitors into the city. He set aside a large

palace for their use, and gave his guests rich presents of gold, precious stones, and colored plumes. He also agreed to become a subject of the King of Spain.

Cortes was not satisfied. By means of threats and promises he made the timid ruler come to his part of the town. Once there, he was not allowed to return to his



THE CITY OF MEXICO UNDER THE CONQUERORS

From the engraving in the *Nieuwe Wereld* of Montanus

own palace. With the king in his power, Cortes was the real ruler of Mexico. He ordered that all the gold and silver articles to be found in the country round about should be brought to him. He kept most of the wealth so collected for himself. When the soldiers murmured at the smallness of their share, he gave them promises instead of gold.

They had lived in the capital five months when disturbing news was brought to Cortes. Another band of fortune-hunting Spaniards was on its way to the city of the Aztecs. Cortes went out to stop them.

While he was away, the Indians gathered in the court of the temple to hold a service in honor of their gods. Without the least excuse the Spaniards fell upon them with sword and gun. They killed the unarmed men and women as easily as they might have killed a flock of

sheep, and with no more pity. The native soldiers got word of what was going on. In a just rage they rushed at the Spaniards, killed all they could, and shut the others up in their quarters. But for Montezuma, who told the Aztecs to stop fighting, these wicked guests would have received the punishment they so well deserved.

Cortes returned. He blamed Montezuma, and used rough language to him. Montezuma then refused to urge his people any more to keep the peace. After that he was secretly killed.

Now that there was no gentle king to keep them back, the Aztecs attacked their foes with great

A STONE IDOL OF THE AZTECS

It is more than eight feet high and five feet across, and was dug up in the central square of the City of Mexico more than one hundred years ago.

fury. They killed so many that Cortes thought it best to leave the city.

One night, under cover of a heavy rain storm, the Spaniards, loading themselves with gold, tried to withdraw. They reached the causeway unseen. Suddenly



the great gong of the temple sounded the alarm. The Indian warriors swarmed about them on every side. The Spaniards, hampered by their burdens of gold, fell into the second opening of the causeway. Soon the dead bodies of their comrades and of their allies formed a bridge on which those behind crossed over. All order was lost. Each man, throwing away his treasure, fought for his own life. Very few who started out that stormy night escaped. Those who remained behind were no better off. They were overcome and sacrificed on the altars of the temple.

It now looked to everyone except Cortes as though he would have to give up his idea of conquering Mexico. He was as determined as ever.

Other white men came to Mexico from time to time and were added to the forces of Cortes. He made friends with more of the tribes who hated the Aztecs. When he thought he had an army large enough, he went back to the shores of the lake.

There was a new ruler in Mexico, who had always hated the white men. He strengthened the city and urged all the natives to fight the robber strangers.

In spite of repeated attacks on his workmen, Cortes succeeded in building thirteen ships. The Aztecs in their frail canoes could do nothing to stop these strong vessels. Consequently, a company of soldiers reached the causeway. The Indians fought bravely every inch of the way as they were forced back into the town.

Being unable to take the city in battle, Cortes tried

to stop all food from entering it. He had already cut the great tube that carried fresh water from the hills into the town. The brave defenders were soon weakened from want of enough to eat and to drink. But still they held out. Cortes offered to spare the city if the ruler and

his people would agree to become subjects of the King of Spain. The chief remembered what had happened to Montezuma and his answer was, "No!"

After more terrible fighting, Cortes offered to let them go free if they would give up the city. The only answer they gave him was a sharp attack on his army.

Cortes now made a new plan. The three parts of the army were to advance on the capital from the three cause-

ways. As fast as the white men and their Indian allies took any part of the city, they were to tear down the buildings, ruin the streets, and fill the canals with rubbish. This they did. Neither houses, palaces, nor temples were spared. They reached the market place,



THE ARMOR OF CORTES

After an engraving of the original in
the National Museum, Madrid

In this great square and in the near-by streets were huddled together chiefs and slaves, men and women, children and animals. Too feeble to fight, and having no weapons to fight with if they had been able to use them, they were swept down by the cannon fire of their enemies.

Not one yielded. Some tried to escape by way of the lake. Among them was the king. He was taken, and then the Aztecs gave up.

But they would not remain in the city. Before leaving it, they threw everything of value into the lake or buried it where it was never found. Cortes had nothing but dead bodies and a heap of ruins for his reward. He had ruined the city to win it.

The King of Spain made Cortes governor, and all Mexico became a Spanish province. But Cortes could not bear to stay quietly at home while his comrades were away seeking new adventures. So he started out again, but he never found any treasure to equal that lost in the city of the Aztecs.

MAGELLAN AND THE FIRST TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

This is the story of a mountain lad who grew up to be one of the four greatest sailors of the world. Some historians think he was the greatest of the four — Columbus, Da Gama, Magellan, and Drake.

When Columbus made his famous discovery, Ferdinand Magellan was twelve years old. We know very little about him till we hear of him as a young man at the court of the King of Portugal. There he must have learned about Columbus and other great men who were seeking and finding new wonders on this old earth of ours. He spent many happy hours in the home of Vasco da Gama, where he heard from that bold sailor himself how the water route to India had been found.

These stories of brave adventure made him want to do something of the same kind. So he joined a fleet that was sailing to the East Indies. After several years spent in fighting the natives, in order that the King of Portugal might control the trade of those islands, he returned. The King, making one excuse or another, refused to reward him for what he had done, or to give him anything more to do.

Magellan spent the next two or three years in the capital of his country without work of any kind. But he used the time in studying geography and in talking

with travelers. It was during this time that a great thought came to him. He thought he could prove what Columbus had believed, — that the earth is shaped like a ball. How? He would sail around it!

He had gone to India over the same course that Da Gama had sailed. But now, he said to himself, he would go to India, and what is more, find the Spice Islands, by sailing westward. Only, by this time, men knew what Columbus did not know when he started, that there is a great body of land in the way. Never mind; he would find a passage through South America or he would go around the end of it as Da Gama had gone around the end of Africa. He did not know, however, that there was any such passage, nor how long the land of South America might be, nor how many miles of water there are on the other side of it.

With this great plan in his mind, he went to the king and asked him to help carry it through. He fared no better than Columbus had with the king's father. Then, like Columbus, he went to Spain.

After much persuasion the King of Spain promised to furnish five ships and two hundred men to enable Magellan to test the correctness of his idea.



FERDINAND MAGELLAN

From a portrait formerly in the
Versailles Gallery, Paris

Though he would not help Magellan, the King of Portugal was very angry when he heard that one of his subjects was to make a voyage under the direction of the King of Spain, because any new land that Magellan might find would belong to Spain instead of to Portugal. Consequently, he tried to prevent the success of Magellan's scheme. Agents were sent to coax or frighten or bribe Magellan into giving up his preparations for the voyage. When they failed, others were hired to kill him. On the other hand, Spaniards were jealous of him and did not want to sail under a foreign commander. But in spite of all efforts to hinder him, Magellan was at last ready to start on the first trip around the world.

The flag-ship, with Magellan on board, was always to lead. Whatever course she took, the others were to follow. That they might be able to do so at night, a lantern was to be kept burning in the stern of the vessel.

Steadily following the flag by day and the light by night, the little fleet of five ships made its way through storms and sunshine, calms and gales, across the Atlantic to South America.

Magellan landed in Brazil the same year that the Spaniards under Cortes landed in Mexico. But his was to be a conquest far different from that of Cortes. Wherever Magellan landed in all his long journey, he met the friendly natives with kindness, and made fair bargains with them for the provisions they brought to his ships. He never took away from them by force or by fraud, the few golden ornaments they had. Nor, much to the dis-

pleasure of his Spanish captains, would he spend his time searching for gold. He was looking for something more valuable than gold or silver — a western route to the Spice Islands and the way around the world.

At this first landing place the natives were soon so unafraid that they climbed into and out of every nook and corner of the vessels and capered about on them like children at play. They exchanged chickens — five of them for a fish-hook — fruit, and sweet potatoes, for pins, needles, and mirrors.

Though the natives were inclined to be thievish, Magellan would not let them be harmed on that account. One morning a girl came to the flag-ship alone. No one took any notice of her and she wandered about examining everything to her heart's content, till she saw a nail lying on the cabin floor. She looked at it, walked around it, and, when she thought the captain did not see her, suddenly stooped and picked it up. Not having on any dress in which she might hide the nail, she thrust it into her thick, black hair and ran away. The natives, you see, were as greedy for iron as the Spaniards were for gold.

Magellan did not stay here very long. He wanted to go on, ever southward, till he found the end of the land or a way through it. But the southern winter was close at hand, so after a few months he put into a harbor not far from the passage he sought, though, of course, he did not know that. Here the men became unruly. They wanted to return to Spain. Magellan would not listen to such a thing. He had promised the king to find the

Spice Islands by sailing west, and he intended to keep his word. The captains declared they would go back without him, and in spite of him.

When the Spanish captains had slighted him and said insulting things about him on the way over, Magellan paid no attention to them. Now that they threatened to spoil the success of the voyage by taking part of the fleet back to Spain, he soon showed them that he was master. One of the captains was hanged and two of them were kept in chains till the ship sailed in the spring. Then they were left behind on the lonely shore. After a while, the seamen they had misled were forgiven and sent back to work.

While staying in these winter quarters, the crews were surprised one day to see, on a neighboring hill-top, a native warrior who looked to them as big as a giant. He began to dance and howl (perhaps he thought he was singing) in a most unaccountable fashion. At first Magellan did not know what to make of his antics, but concluded that the warrior intended them as signs of good will. He sent a sailor up the hill to imitate the actions of the giant. Those on board the ships were soon holding their sides with laughter while they watched the warrior and the sailor try to outdo each other in noise and activity, as they circled around each other in this wild dance.

The poor sailor, I am afraid, did not share the enjoyment of his comrades. For he had no means of knowing that he would not be picked up and carried off to the

woods, there to be killed and eaten by this hideous giant. But he was a mild kind of giant, after all. When they at last came together, he only hugged the sailor and then went back to the ship with him.



AN OLD MAP OF THE NEW WORLD — 1523

After Magellan's voyage, but before the exploration of North America had gone far

There the native had a good time looking at the wonders of the strange vessel, until he came face to face with a giant just as big and just as ugly as himself. This so startled him that he jumped back with such force and suddenness as to upset three or four of the sailors who

were following him to see the fun. He had merely walked up to a large steel mirror. Magellan gave him a small one to soothe his feelings for being frightened at the sight of himself. I do not know what he gave the seamen to soothe the pain of the bumps they received from being toppled over on the floor like so many ninepins.

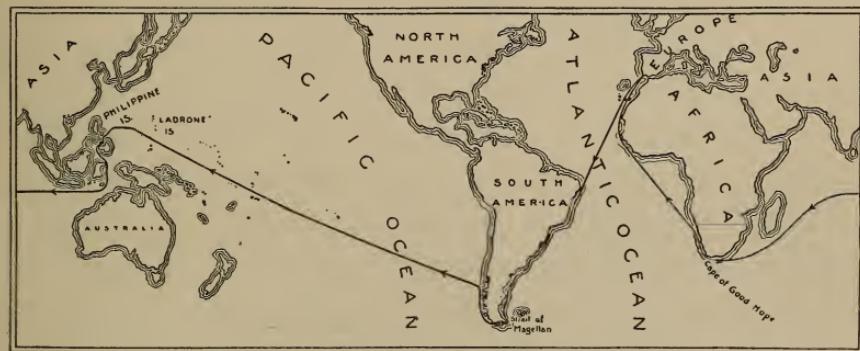
When the winter was over, this band of pathfinders resumed their journey, but with only four vessels, as one of them had been lost in a storm.

Now Magellan's faith and courage and determination were to be rewarded. Entering a broad inlet, he could not say it was not the mouth of a river till the vessel sent to find out came back at the end of five days. The captain reported that as far as they had gone, the water was salt and the waves as rough as those of the ocean. Such rejoicing and thanksgiving as there was among those sea-weary travelers! It was, indeed, the long-sought strait. But they did not know, as you and I do now, that the Strait of Magellan is three hundred miles long and very crooked. Many a day passed before they reached the western end of it. When they did, there were but three ships. The cowardly captain of the fourth one had run away to Spain.

I am sure Magellan and his men felt well paid for their hardships when they found themselves at the other end of the strait connecting the Atlantic with an unknown ocean. It was to be an unknown ocean no longer; for now they were to sail the first European ships on it and later make it known to the whole world.

But this was not to be till they had braved dangers greater than those they had passed. The dangers were not those of the sea, however. That was so calm and free from storms while they sailed week after week, toward the setting sun, that Magellan named it the Pacific Ocean.

The voyage was so much longer than he expected it to be that the food gave out. The water became slimy and



THE ROUTE OF MAGELLAN

of such a vile odor that no man could drink it without holding his nose. Then a dreadful sickness overtook them and several men died every day. Magellan never complained, nor became ill-tempered with the men. He helped to nurse the sick and shared in all the hard work that was to be done.

No wonder they all fell upon their knees and gave thanks at the sight of the waving palm trees of an island that rose above the blue of the sea. Scores of canoes came skimming over the sparkling water to meet them. The canoes were filled with naked little brown men,

offering bunches of rich yellow bananas, and shells filled with delicious coconut milk, to these starving wanderers from the other side of the world. The dark-skinned strangers came fearlessly aboard the big vessels, and as fearlessly helped themselves to everything they could lay their hands on. They even cut loose the small boat trailing at the stern of the flag-ship, and made off with it. Magellan gave the islands a Spanish name which means "Robber Islands," by which they are still known.

He tarried a short time among these islands, and then pushed forward. Though he had crossed the unknown ocean, he could not rest till he had found the Spice Islands and carried back to Spain the news of the path around the world. A sail of a few days beyond the Robber Islands brought him to the group we now call the Philippine Islands. Since Magellan was the first to find them, they belonged to Spain, which owned them from that time till the United States bought them nearly four hundred years afterward.

Magellan landed on one of the islands, and the king, who also ruled several of the surrounding islands, gave him a friendly welcome. He was soon so eager to be on good terms with the white men that he called himself and his people Christians. Magellan showed his gentle spirit by using no harsh means to compel the natives to change their faith. But he told them that if they really wished to be Christians, they must burn their idols. They did so at once.

The chief of a neighboring island would not burn his

idols, and refused to obey the king any longer. Magellan, to show what the white man would do to help his brown brother of the same faith, undertook to punish the unruly subject of the friendly king. With only sixty men he crossed over to the island of the rebel chief. Thousand of warriors surrounded them. For a time, the Spaniards kept the natives at a distance. The natives noticed that their foes wore no armor on their legs. They then aimed their arrows and spears only at the legs of the white men. In this way they disabled so many of Magellan's soldiers that he gave the order to retreat slowly toward the boats.

When the native warriors saw that the enemy was yielding ground, they became bolder and fiercer than ever. To give his men a chance to reach the boats, Magellan made a stand against the victors. He held them back for an hour. A wound in the arm prevented him from drawing his sword. Seeing that, the natives rushed on him in great numbers. He fell, covered with wounds. His men never saw him again.

And so this brave sailor captain never finished the trip around the world, which he had planned in far-away



MAGELLAN MONUMENT ON
MACTÁN ISLAND

This monument marks the spot where Magellan was killed in a battle with the natives of the Philippine Islands

Spain. But he did prove that the earth is round and that the Spice Islands can be reached by sailing west. For one of his ships, the *Victory*, several months after the death of Magellan, arrived at those islands. Before it departed the ship was loaded with cloves, nutmegs, and ginger.

Slowly the worn-out old vessel made its way across the Indian Ocean, around the Cape of Good Hope, and up the coast of Africa. In September of 1522, the captain and his crew of eighteen men stepped ashore at the port they had left three years before.

And so ended the greatest voyage ever made.



THE "VICTORY"

PIZARRO, WHO TOOK THEIR CROWN AWAY FROM THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN

A long time ago, if you had been passing through a certain town in Spain, you might have seen a tall, poorly dressed lad listening eagerly to a grizzled old sailor. The boy was Francisco Pizarro, and he was hearing about the wonderful discovery of a New World from one who had sailed with Columbus.

Francisco was very poor and had been made to tend pigs ever since he was a tiny child. He had no time to play, and if he made a mistake he was severely beaten. Worse yet, he was not allowed to go to school. So, though he was now thirteen years old, he could neither read nor write. But for all that, Pizarro wanted to do great deeds. As he listened to the sailor's tale of Columbus, he made up his mind that he would no longer be a swineherd. At the first chance he had, he ran away and enlisted as a soldier.

By the time Cortes had conquered Mexico, Pizarro had become a brave captain, and was living in a comfort-



FRANCISCO PIZARRO
After a painting at Lima,
Peru

able house in Panama. But he was impatient to do something that would make him very rich and famous.

One day a traveler told him about the snow-capped mountains far to the south, and about the Land of Gold that was said to be hidden behind them. Pizarro lost no time in making ready to find this unknown country so that he might take for himself as much of its wealth as he could. It does not seem to have entered his mind that the Indians were the only people who had any right to the gold and silver in their own land. Or, if it did, he probably thought they were only heathens, and so not entitled to keep what stronger men could take.

He obtained two small vessels and one hundred twelve men. With this little force the bold Pizarro put out to sea on his way to overcome a nation of — nobody knew how many.

On the voyage down the coast they ran into stormy weather that lasted a week, and nearly wrecked the ships. By the end of that time the food had given out, so that these brave seamen, having escaped drowning, were likely to be starved. Fortunately, they found a harbor. But it was in a barren spot, and the natives were unfriendly. As his ships were damaged, and as he had but eighty men left, Pizarro was obliged to return to Panama.

Nothing daunted by the first failure, Pizarro, with the help of two good friends, was ready to start again two years later.

This time he landed farther down the coast than before. He sent one of the ships back for more men and

supplies while he tried to make his way by land. The little band struggled through forests so thick that no daylight entered. They floundered in tangled marshes where they were stung by poisonous snakes or dragged down into the mud by alligators. Sometimes they were so tormented by dense swarms of big mosquitoes that



A SCENE ON PIZARRO'S ROUTE

From Charnay's "Ancient Cities of the New World"

they buried themselves up to their faces in sand. At other times they were attacked by hostile savages. Such as escaped these dangers returned to the port, where they stayed until the relief ship arrived.

When they were on board once more, they steered to the south again. One morning they spied a village on the coast and went in closer. Pizarro and a few soldiers landed. As they left the boats, a large force of Indians appeared, armed with javelins, bows, and clubs. Before

they had time to attack, one of the Spaniards accidentally fell from his horse. The Indians had never seen a horse. They took the horse and his rider to be one animal. Such a strange creature was terrifying enough in itself. But when, as they supposed, the animal suddenly separated into two, they were so frightened that they ran back to the town as fast as they could. Pizarro decided that, having so few men, it was just as well for him not to stay very long either, so he quickly went on board and continued the voyage.

Three weeks after this adventure, the ship bearing Pizarro and eleven soldiers entered a quiet bay. An Indian that Pizarro had persuaded to join the company farther up the coast, pointed to the near-by shore and said it belonged to the Children of the Sun. Then Pizarro knew he was looking at the border of the longed-for Land of Gold. But with only eleven men he could do nothing. So back to Panama he sailed for the second time. Instead of helping him to get men and ships, the Governor of Panama hindered him in every way. Then Pizarro went to Spain to see the king.

As presents to the king, he took with him two or three llamas. They are the sheep of Peru. He also took many gold and silver ornaments, and many yards of the soft, silk-like cloth made from the wool of the llama and brightly colored.

This visit to the chief city of Spain was very different from that of twenty-five years before, when he was a ragged runaway. Now he was a tall, dark-eyed man

with sun-browned face and jet black hair and beard. In his fine jacket and shining steel breastplate, with a long sword hanging by his side, he looked the brave captain he was.

The king was delighted with the beautiful presents. He told Pizarro to take all the ships and soldiers he needed to conquer this wonderland and add it to the king's domain. It seems that the King of Spain, like Pizarro, thought he had a right to anything he could take.

The ruler of Peru, the Land of Gold, was called the Inca. He and all his relatives called themselves Children of the Sun.

Upon his return to Peru, Pizarro learned that the Inca was encamped with his army between Cuzco (*Kooz'ko*) and the coast. Cuzco was the capital of Peru, and Pizarro meant to go there. But he did not start for several weeks, hoping to have more soldiers join him. As none came, he resolved to go on with those he had. It was a brave and daring deed to push into an unknown country with not more than two hundred men, and with no hope of any outside help.

Mile after mile tramped the little company of fortune hunters. They suffered from the hot sun of the plains, which heated their heavy steel armor, and the cold wind



LLAMAS

of the mountain peaks, which chilled it. But nowhere were they molested by the natives. On the contrary, the Indians brought them food and presents, and treated them like welcome visitors. And for some time the Spaniards behaved like guests, doing no harm and taking only what was given to them. But then, a great deal was given to them,—gold, emeralds, llamas, dried fruits, pepper, and perfume. Nevertheless, Pizarro meant to conquer this friendly people and seize their wealth as soon as he could safely do so.

Having entered a town on the slope of a pleasant valley not far from the camp of the ruler, Pizarro invited the Inca to come to a feast to be given in the Spanish quarters. The Inca sent word that he might be expected the next day.

It was a strange preparation that Pizarro made to receive his royal visitor. Little bells were tied to the harness of the horses. They, and their riders in full armor, filled the long, low buildings that formed two sides of the square. The footmen filled the buildings on the other side. The gunmen were sent to the fortress at one corner. No man was to stir from his place till Pizarro gave a certain signal. When everything was ready, the square was empty of all save Pizarro and a few officers.

With an escort of 60,000 men, the Inca approached. The escort parted ranks. The Inca, on a litter made of gold and silver, and carried by the chief men of the country, passed between the columns thus formed. A

red fringe, which was the sign of his rank, hung over his forehead. Above it nodded two rare plumes. A broad collar of gleaming emeralds encircled his throat.

In the center of the square, the litter bearers stopped. The Inca's followers poured in after him till the square could hold no more of them. A priest, having a cross in one hand and a Bible in the other, came forward. He urged the Inca to become a Christian, and the friend and subject of the great king across the water. The Inca said, "I will be the faithful friend of my brother across the sea. But I am the Child of the Sun, and will be no man's subject." He took the Bible, looked at it, and threw it carelessly aside. It fell to the ground. The priest ran to Pizarro and demanded that one so disrespectful to the Bible should be punished. No

one was permitted to touch the Inca or even to go close to him at any time. But Pizarro now hurried toward the litter, pushed through the guard, and grasped the Inca's arm. At the same time he waved a white scarf. Instantly, the men in the fort began to shoot, the horsemen and footmen rushed out of the buildings into the square. They cut down and trampled upon the unarmed Indians



HOUSES IN CUZCO TODAY
Built upon the old Inca walls

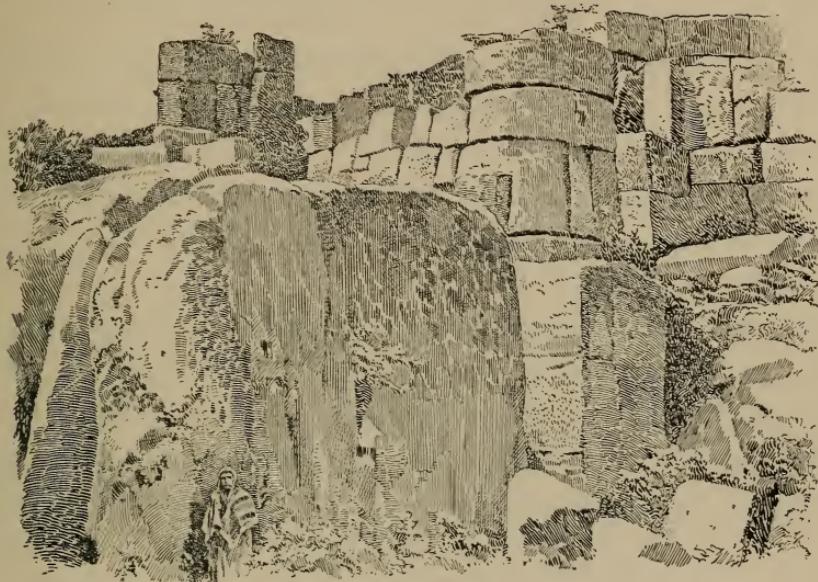
without mercy. The sound of the bells, the noise of the guns, and the blare of the trumpets added to the confusion of the natives. They could make no defense, and only a few of the thousands in the square escaped with their lives.

The Inca, who had come as a guest, was obliged to remain as a prisoner. His life was spared because Pizarro knew he had little to fear from the people so long as he could punish them by killing the Inca.

Two months after this evil deed, the Spaniards, traveling over one of the good roads that ran through the country, reached Cuzco. They felt rewarded for their hardships when they saw the riches of this heathen city. It seemed to them like finding Aladdin's cave. There was the Inca's palace, a low stone building, not much to look at from the outside. Inside, the walls were hung with gorgeous cloth, and with plates of precious metal which took the place of pictures. The Inca's throne was of solid gold. The statues were of gold and silver. The dishes were of gold and some of them were set with gems. In the garden, among the real flowers, were imitation flowers made of gold or silver. In the courtyard was a golden bath, into which the water flowed through silver pipes.

But the real wonder of the city was the Temple of the Sun. On the western wall of the temple there was an enormous disk of polished gold with a human face carved on it to represent the sun. Glittering rays of the same metal all around the disk reached up to the ceiling and

down to the floor. From the brilliant gems on the face of the image darted beams of rainbow-colored light. The other walls were covered with golden ornaments of various shapes. Everything used in the worship of the idol was made of gold.



RUINS OF AN INCA PALACE

All these precious things, except some of the strangest and most costly articles, which were saved for the king, the Spaniards melted and cast into bars of solid gold. After Pizarro had received his share of these bars, the remainder was divided among the captains and soldiers. Nobody thought it worth while to leave anything for the owners, who had received these strangers so kindly.

Cuzco was too far from the sea to be a good capital for Pizarro. He built near the coast a new city, which he

named Lima. Many Spaniards, hearing how easy it was to become rich in Peru, came to live in Lima. They came in greater numbers than ever when the mines from which the Incas got their silver were discovered, and soon there were several Spanish cities in the Land of Gold.

What became of the Inca? Pizarro caused him to be burned to death as a punishment for telling the Indians to fight against the Spaniards in order to set him free.

And what became of Pizarro? When he was an old man, he was killed in his own house by the friends of one of his former companions to whom he had done some wrong.

Perhaps you have noticed that all the conquerors I have told you about, except Cortes and Pizarro, were already kings in their own country or became kings over the countries they conquered. The great territories won by these two men belonged to the king whose subjects they were, and the conquered peoples became his subjects also.

Although Pizarro did not keep their crown for himself, the Children of the Sun never got it back again, and the Land of Gold remained a part of the Spanish Empire for three hundred years.

FRANCIS DRAKE AND THE SECOND TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

Back in the sixteenth century it happened that an English family named Drake were driven from their home in Devon. They found refuge in Plymouth, where the father obtained a position as "reader of prayers to the royal navy." He and his family were given a home in an old naval vessel anchored in the harbor. One of his twelve boys, Francis, passed much of his childhood here, afloat. The masts of warships, fishing smacks, and trading vessels stood around in the bay almost as numerous as trees in a forest. It is not surprising that Francis Drake, raised in such surroundings, should love the sea.

The father had hoped to put his sons into the navy, but he lost his position and the boys were forced to find work wherever they could. Francis became ship's-boy on a coasting vessel that ran to France and Holland. He heard much bitter talk from captains and sailors about the cruelty of the Spaniards to their subjects in the Netherlands. These stories made him dislike the Spanish so much that he tried to punish them by destroying their ships and robbing their settlements, when he grew up.

Reports of the newly found islands across the Atlantic,

and of the rich treasures of the Spanish Main, as the Caribbean Sea was then called, made Drake tired of "creeping along the shore." He dreamed of long voyages to far-off lands and of great adventures there. Some of these dreams were soon to come true.

With a fleet of six ships he went out to Africa to get negroes. These were taken to the West Indies to be sold as slaves. When the fleet was starting for home, a storm drove them into the harbor of Vera Cruz (*Ve'ra Krooz*). Here was a large Spanish merchant fleet, laden with gold and silver, and convoyed by warships. Peace was agreed upon between them, but the Spaniards, nevertheless, attacked the English. Drake's ship and one other were all that escaped safely to England. You can imagine how hard he tried to get Elizabeth, now queen of England, to declare war on Spain. But she would not, so he decided to take the matter of revenge into his own hands.

For the next two years he sailed the Spanish Main, looking carefully over the ground, and making his plans. His scheme was to capture the great Spanish treasure cities in the West Indies and Central America. The Queen did not dare to help him openly, as she wished England to remain at peace with Spain. But she secretly gave a good deal toward the cost of the expedition. He took only two ships, with seventy-three men, but they were well supplied with arms and ammunition, and with everything needed for a long voyage.

Drake took much plunder on land, and more from two

hundred captured Spanish vessels. You may well suppose that all this was not done without great trouble and danger. When it was time to return, there were left only enough sailors and soldiers to man one ship, so Drake gave the other one to his Spanish prisoners and set them free. This does not seem like the act of a bloodthirsty, merciless pirate, does it? Surely, he was not always as bad as some people would have us believe.

While Drake was on the Isthmus of Panama, he caught sight of the Pacific Ocean. "Sinking on his knees, he prayed Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship on that sea!" From then on, he had this desire added to his old one to beat Spain. But when he returned to England, he found the Queen's advisers friendly toward the Spanish. It was four years before she would listen to his plan of going to the Pacific. Even then she kept her support a secret. Where the fleet of five ships was bound had to be kept a secret from the crews, too. They did not share Drake's longing to make such a perilous voyage.



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

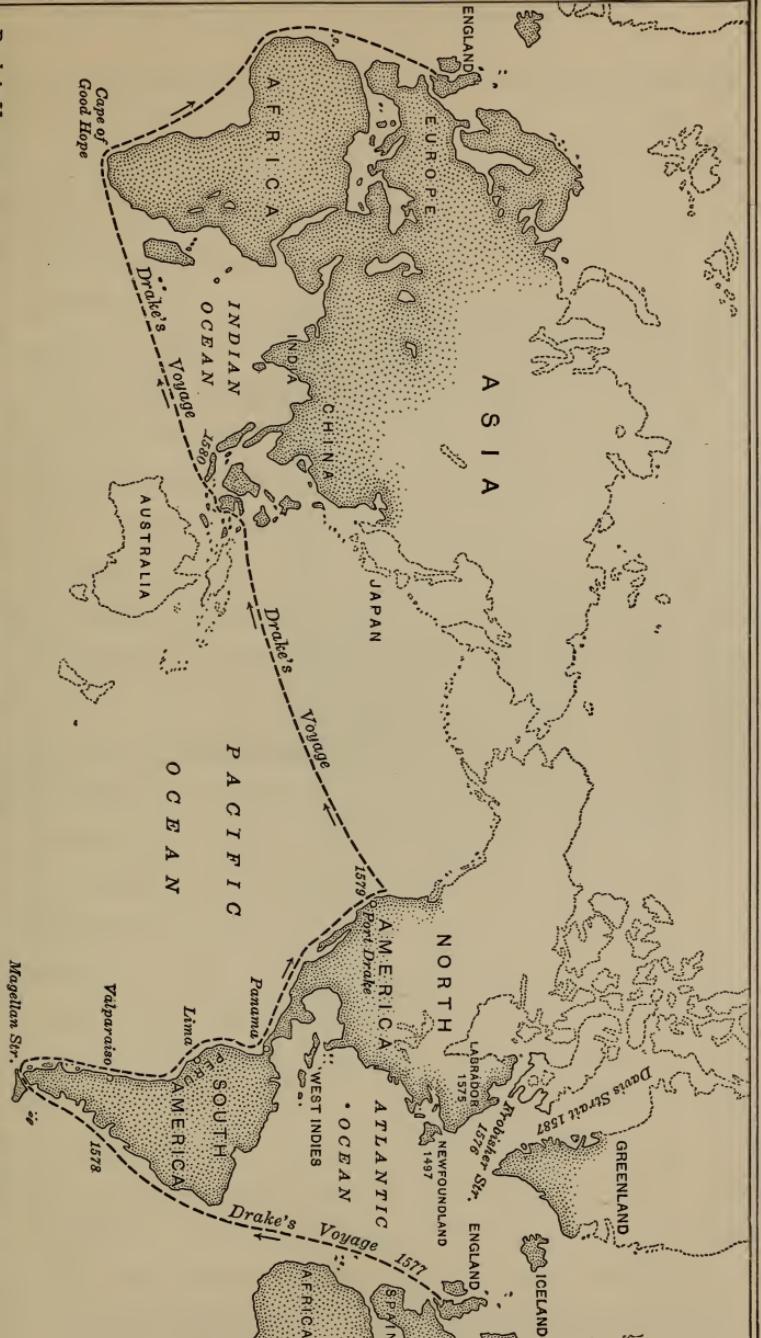
After the painting at Buckland Abbey,
England

When they reached the northern coast of Africa, Drake reduced his fleet to three ships, and started boldly across the Atlantic for the Strait of Magellan. A storm drove them into the harbor where Magellan had anchored for the winter on that famous first trip around the world, fifty-seven years earlier, and where he had been obliged to punish the Spanish captains for their disloyalty to him. The very gibbet on which one of them had been hanged was still there.

Drake's meeting with the "giants" was neither so amusing nor so pleasant as Magellan's had been. After a friendly contest to prove whether the giants or the sailors were the better shots with a bow and arrow, the giants attacked the Englishmen unawares and killed two of them.

There was much quarreling among the men, who did not yet know where they were going. Drake gathered them on shore, told his plans, and said they must all pull together. He offered to let any who wanted to leave take one of the ships and return to England. "But," he added, "let them take heed that they go homeward; for if I find them in my way, I will surely sink them." They all agreed to stand by him.

They battled southward for six weeks through almost continuous heavy storms. Threading their difficult way through the Strait of Magellan, they at last reached the entrance to the Pacific. Drake's prayer for "life and leave" to sail an English ship on the "peaceful" ocean had been granted.



Instead of going home, he decided to look for a north-west passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Twice the gallant little flag-ship and its two companions started north. Twice the violent winds that snapped the masts and stripped the sails drove them south. The *Golden Hind* drifted down to the very last island at the end of the continent. That is how Drake happened to find Cape Horn and to find that Magellan's way is not the only way to the Pacific. He climbed to the top of the high cliff forming the cape, and stretched out his hands over the waters of the two oceans.

Two days later the *Golden Hind* was once more on her way. She sailed north along the coast of South America, past the place where Pizarro had landed to begin his conquest of Peru.

And now Drake the seeker and finder again became Drake the pirate. He seized many Spanish galleons, and plundered every settlement along the shore. Laden with the rich spoils, it was a question whether to turn back or to venture further. Perhaps he had a idea that the Spaniards were lying in wait for him at the Strait of Magellan, as they were. At any rate, he decided to go on, see if he could find the Northwest Passage, and go home that way.

Heavy, freezing storms kept him from getting very far north. After lying in a harbor near what is now San Francisco, he set out to cross the Pacific. From one of the captured vessels he had taken secret charts by which the Spanish trade was guided across this ocean. These

were really of far greater value than his wonderful cargo of gold and silver.

After many perils and terrible hardships, he reached the Indies. There was still ahead a longer trip than that return voyage of Vasco da Gama. But they made it, and got back to Plymouth nearly three years after the time they had left it.

Drake sent the Queen the choicest of the treasures he had captured. She ordered the *Golden Hind* to be taken up the Thames, and honored it with a visit. Then, at a great banquet held on board, she knighted her "favorite pirate."

And so ended the second trip around the world. A wonderful voyage it was, though, unlike the first one, it had not been planned from the beginning.

Drake, ever restless, longed to build up the English navy into a great weapon of war, and to show what it could do. He did not have to wait long for the chance. Philip of Spain seized a fleet of English grain-ships trad-



QUEEN ELIZABETH MAKING DRAKE A KNIGHT

ing in Spanish ports. Drake was given orders to attack the settlements on the Spanish Main. He was furnished with thirty ships and two thousand soldiers and sailors, a great fleet for those days. All the important places were skilfully captured. But the Spaniards had been wise enough to remove all the treasure, so there was little plunder. Besides, Drake had lost many of his best men, mostly through illness. It was necessary to return home.

And now came rumors that King Philip was preparing a vast Armada (*Ar-ma'da*) to invade and conquer England. Drake disliked waiting for the enemy to come. With five battleships, nine gunboats, and nine cruisers, he sailed down to the harbor of Cadiz (*Kā'diz*). Here, without losing a single man, he burned or captured thirty-six ships. He also showed that the great Spanish galleys were not the "Dreadnaughts" they were supposed to be. With their banks of rowers along the sides, they could fire only straight ahead as they came on abreast. And they were very powerful against an enemy that fought the same way. This Drake did not do. He would slip away from in front, and then pour broadsides into them.

Learning from captured Spaniards that Philip, who was now also King of Portugal, planned to gather his Armada at Lisbon, Drake went to a bay near there, waiting to attack them if they came out. He longed to go in after them, but dared not because he had received orders not to do anything that would mean a

declaration of war on the part of England. He tried to taunt the Spanish admiral into coming out into open water and fighting. This was of no use, so he sailed for the Azores, capturing one of the King's own merchant ships, with a million dollar cargo. It was this capture that stirred up the English to form the East India Com-



THE SPANISH ARMADA IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

After an engraving by the Society of Antiquarians following a tapestry in the House of Lords

pany, which, long afterward, sent out the man who won India for England.

The Armada was a wonderful sight when it did appear off the English coast. The one hundred and forty vessels, crowded with soldiers, made a line seven miles long. But the Spaniards depended upon the old-fashioned way of fighting. The sailors were not prepared to

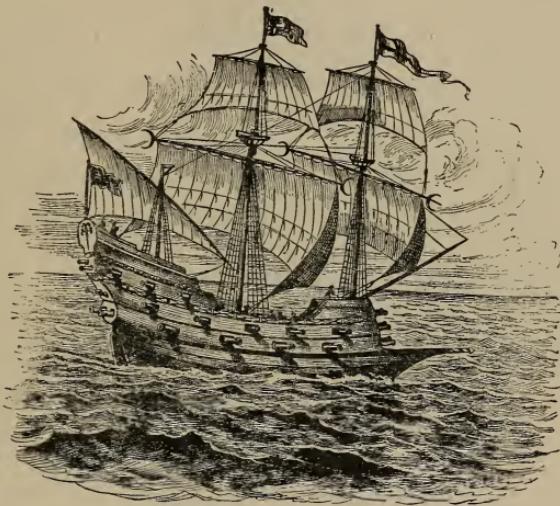
fight at all, and the soldiers did not think much of the big guns. Let them grapple with the enemy, and get on board, then they would soon beat those Englishmen. But those same Englishmen, under the advice of Drake, did not see fit to fight that way. They had the same number of vessels as the Spanish, but the English ships were smaller and faster, and carried more and larger guns for their size. The men were prepared both to sail the ships and to fight the enemy, but they would not come to close quarters.

For a week they battled, drifting down to Dover Strait. There, in the night, Drake sent eight fire-boats floating in among the enemy fleet. They slipped anchors and ran. The English pursued, catching up with them the next morning. All day they continued to worry them. We do not know whether the punishment they received, or the fierce storm that came up, was the cause of what followed. But this is certain; the Spanish Armada now fled in earnest, running northward. The Spaniards went clear around Scotland and Ireland in order to reach home, and only fifty-three of their ships ever arrived. Not an English ship was lost.

Not content with the glory this great victory brought him, Drake longed to revisit the Spanish Main. He led an expedition there, but was soon taken ill, and died.

“The body was carried out a league to sea, and there, in sight of the spot where his first victory had been celebrated, amidst a lament of trumpets and the thunder of cannon, the sea received her own again. At his side

were sunk two of his ships, for which there was no longer need, and all his latest prizes, and for a pall he had the smoke of the latest fort which his life-long enemy had raised against him. So the fleet went on its way and left him lying like a Viking, dead and alone amidst his trophies, on the scene of his earliest triumphs and his last defeat."



SPANISH TREASURE SHIP

ROBERT CLIVE, A CLERK WHO WON INDIA FOR ENGLAND

After Da Gama found the water way to India, Europeans settled along the coast of that country from time to time in order to trade with the natives. About the middle of the eighteenth century, when our story begins, the English had a trading station at Madras. The French had a settlement a little to the south of Madras. Both France and England paid rent to the native prince, or nabob, for the land they occupied. The rent also paid for native soldiers, called sepoys, to guard the settlements.

With the help of steamship, railroad, and Suez Canal, a merchant can now go from England to India in less than a month. When Robert Clive was a young man, a traveler could go only in a sailing vessel, and around the end of Africa, just as Da Gama did. He would need nine months to make the trip — if he had good luck.

Robert Clive had bad luck. He left England one fine spring morning in a ship bound for Madras. Bad weather disabled the vessel and it was driven across the Atlantic into a port in Brazil, where it stayed for nine months. Upon reaching the Cape of Good Hope, it was delayed again. When Robert at last reached India, he was nearly a year and a half older than when he started from home.

Clive went to Madras as a clerk for the East India Trading Company. He expected to have some kind of outdoor work to do. Instead of that, he had to stay in an office all day, checking up bills and counting bales. Clive heartily disliked this kind of work, although he did not know exactly what kind he would like to do.

Two years after he reached India, France and England declared war against each other. The French in India thought this a good time to drive the English out and get all the trade for themselves. They captured Madras, made prisoners of the English, with many of their sepoys, and sent them to the French settlements.

Clive, dressed like a native, escaped to the English fort of St. David. The French attacked the fort. Clive fought bravely, and was so active that he seemed to be everywhere at once. The French were beaten,—and Robert Clive had found out what he liked to do. There would be no clerk's desk for him so long as there were battles to be fought.



ROBERT CLIVE

He soon had fighting enough to do. Two native rulers claimed the same throne. The French sided with Chunda Sahib, the English sided with Mahommed Ali.

Chunda Sahib and the French attacked the town in which Mahommed Ali was sheltered. The English tried to help their ally, but they could not drive off the French. Clive thought of a plan to draw them away from the town.

He told the governor that if the English were to threaten Arcot, Chunda Sahib's chief city, the nabob would have to send some of his men to defend it. The governor said Clive might try that plan.

At the head of two hundred Englishmen and three hundred sepoys, Clive made his way toward Arcot. In spite of bad weather and worse roads, within a few days he appeared before the crumbling earthen walls of the city. The soldiers of the fort fled without waiting to fire a shot. Their places were taken by Captain Clive and his men. And now the real trouble began.

Clive well knew that it would not be so easy to keep the town as it had been to take it. He did what he could to strengthen the fort and to lay in a stock of food.

The soldiers that had run away at Clive's approach, increased by others from the neighborhood, returned and settled down in front of the city. In the middle of the night, Clive and his little army stole out of the fort. As noiseless as shadows, they crept nearer and yet nearer to the sleeping sepoys in the enemy's camp.

The roar of a musket broke the silence.

The sepoys no longer slept. They ran. They fell — struck down by shot or sword. Few escaped. Clive marched back to the fort without losing a man.

Chunda Sahib now did what Clive had expected him to do. He sent a large body of native soldiers and one hundred fifty Frenchmen to Arcot. They were under



A NATIVE INDIAN ARMY ON THE MARCH

the command of his son, Rajah Sahib. Other troops joined these till there was an army of 10,000 men to take a fort now held by one hundred twenty white men and two hundred sepoyos.

Fifty days the brave defenders held out under the scorching sun of India, without rest, without sleep, almost without food. Clive's sepoys came to their leader and begged that all the grain be given to the English soldiers as they needed more to eat than the natives.

“The water in which the rice is cooked will be enough for us,” they said. It would be hard to find in all history a more generous deed than this.

For fifty days they had defeated every onset of the rajah’s forces. The water was almost gone. But the sun burned as hot as ever. Rajah Sahib sent to offer Captain Clive all the money and jewels he could want, if he would give up the fort. If he did not, the prince would storm the fort and put to death every man in it. To the messenger who brought the offer, Clive said:

“Tell your master there is not enough wealth in all India to make me give up the fort. As for the rest, tell him he had better think twice before coming within reach of an Englishman’s arm.”

Fifty days, and the break in the wall had grown wider. The foe made a last furious attack. Elephants whose foreheads were armed with spiked plates of iron were driven up to batter down the wooden gates. The noise of the muskets and the spatter of bullets on their tough hides frightened the animals. They turned round and, paying no heed to their drivers, in their wild flight trampled down the men of the attacking army. The enemy poured through the breach in the wall. Though weak and weary, the gallant little band inside fought fiercely. By evening — nobody could ever tell just how it happened — Rajah Sahib’s men were rushing headlong back to their camp.

That night there was no sleep for the tired little band within the fort. They must watch lest the enemy re-

turn. At daybreak they rubbed their eyes, thinking they must be asleep after all. Not a single man of the thousands that had surrounded them was to be seen!

This wonderful victory led many native chiefs who had taken the part of Chunda Sahib to leave him and go over to Mahommed Ali and the English. Everywhere in India the power of the British increased, while that of the French decreased.

Clive, who had landed in India with only a few pennies in his pocket, now went back to England a very rich man. The king, and everybody else, welcomed him as a hero, for his victories had made the English the most powerful people in the East.

Although he shared his wealth with his family and his friends, he also spent money foolishly. Consequently, in a few years he was poor again and glad to return to India. This time he went as an officer in the English army, as well as a governor in the East India Company.

It was a good thing for England that Colonel Clive did return to India.

The northern part of India was ruled by a silly, selfish, bad-tempered young nabob called Surajah Dowlah. He hated the English.

A rich native whom Surajah Dowlah wished to rob fled to Calcutta and asked the English to protect him. As they had granted his request, they would not give him up when the nabob asked for him. Surajah Dowlah marched up to Calcutta with a vast army. The English governor, having heard of the cruelty of the native

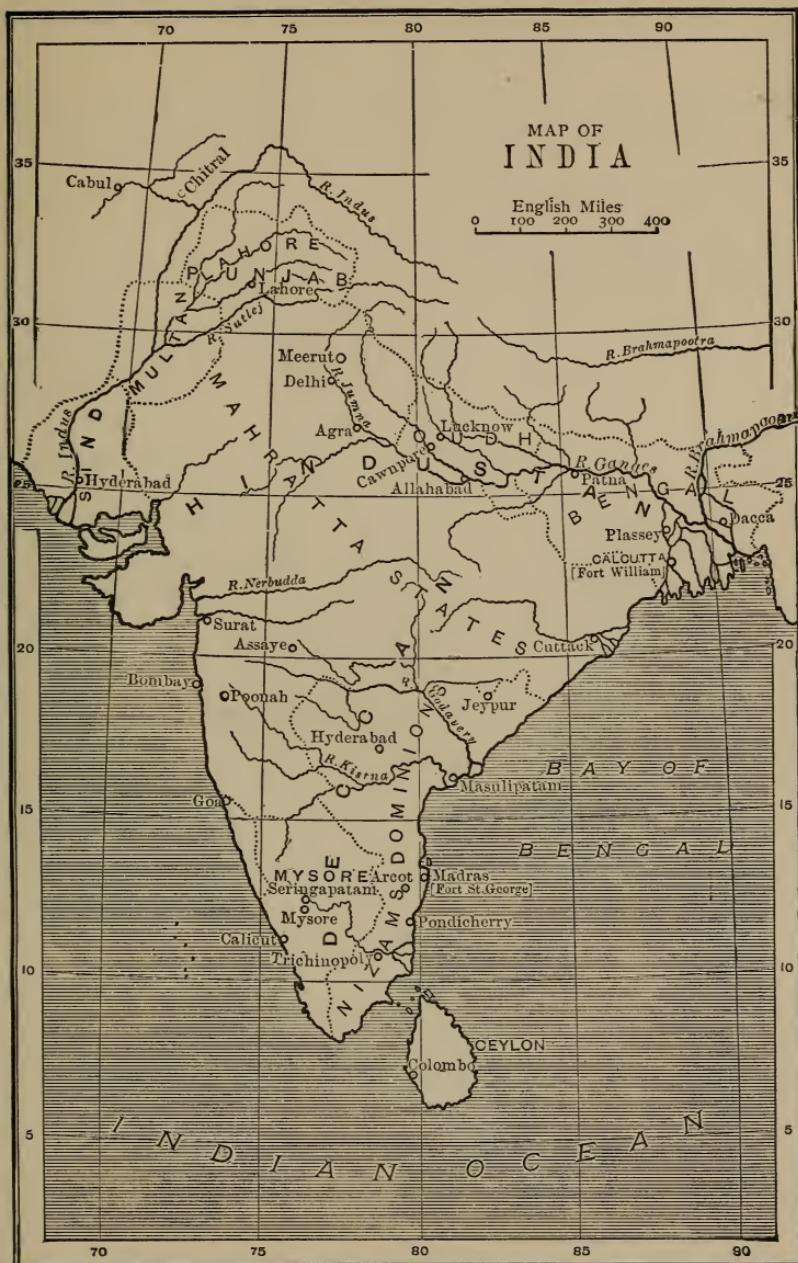
prince whenever he won a victory, jumped into a boat and boarded the first ship he found in the harbor. The commander of the army did the same thing. Of course Surajah Dowlah took Calcutta.

The nabob proved to be as cruel as the governor feared he would be. He ordered a hundred forty-six English subjects put into the Black Hole, a prison cell only big enough for one person in that hot climate. It was as bad as though he had ordered them put into an oven. They were kept there all night. In the morning there were only twenty-three alive.

This terrible news was carried to Madras. The governor told Colonel Clive to take an army and teach the nabob to treat Englishmen better than that.

When Clive arrived, Surajah Dowlah offered to make amends for his attack on Calcutta. While pretending to accept the offer, Clive promised to help one of Surajah Dowlah's chiefs to become the nabob, if the chief would desert Surajah Dowlah. This trickery gave Clive many years of trouble when he was older. But the nabob was not telling the truth either. He hated the English more than ever, though he tried to make them believe he wanted to be their friend, and he was getting ready to attack them when they would not be expecting him.

Clive moved his army to a grove of mango trees near the town of Plassey. Surajah Dowlah was only a mile away. At night the British were kept awake by the drums and cymbals of the enemy. Surajah Dowlah rested no better than they did. He was afraid to stay



alone and equally afraid to have any one come near him.

At sunrise the next morning, the army of the nabob began to move toward the grove of mango trees. There were twenty men in his army for each one in Clive's army. His swift-riding horsemen alone were five times as many as the whole English army. He had bigger and better cannon — fifty-three of them, and I do not know how many elephants. But he lacked one thing that Clive and his men had a great deal of — courage.

The battle commenced. Surajah Dowlah sat on a camel in the midst of his troops. Clive stood on the roof of a house near the grove. The British withdrew behind the shelter of a mud wall. The enemy brought the cannon closer to the grove and blazed away. They did great damage — to the trees. Clive's soldiers took better aim. The ranks of the nabob were thrown into disorder and began to fall back. Colonel Clive ordered his troops forward. Surajah Dowlah became frightened, and turned his camel, which ran from the field as swiftly as only a camel can run. The army followed, leaving their guns and baggage behind them.

The battle of Plassey was over, and Clive had won India for England — India, a land twenty-five times as big and with fifty times as many people as England!

CAPTAIN COOK FINDS THE SMALLEST CONTINENT

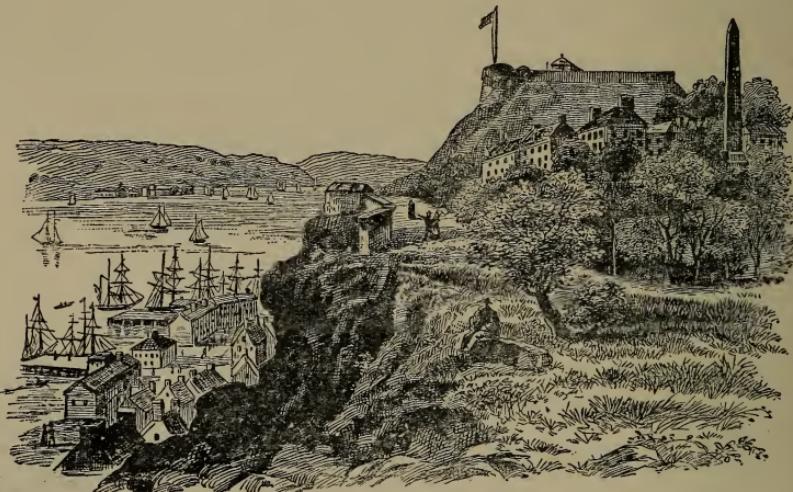
In the first half of the eighteenth century, James Cook was working as apprentice to a shop-keeper in an English fishing village. But the work did not suit him; he wanted to go to sea. James had heard the "yarns" of the sailors, and he longed to share their adventures. He knew all about the clumsy boats in which they braved the sea, about the foul water to drink, the salt junk to eat, the sufferings from scurvy, and the brutal treatment from commanders. Still, he wanted to go. The shop became like a prison to him. So he ran away when he was fourteen, and became ship's-boy on a collier.



CAPTAIN COOK

What happened to him during the next thirteen years is not known. We may be sure, however, that during those years he learned thoroughly the duties of a sailor. Fighting North Sea gales and living on bad food gave him a training that enabled him later to endure hardships which made others ready to give up.

During the Seven Years' War between England and France, Cook entered the service of his country as an "able seaman." He was soon promoted to the command of the *Mercury*, and ordered to join the English fleet besieging Quebec. There, he was chosen to take soundings in the St. Lawrence River directly in front of the French forts. This dangerous work was done to find



QUEBEC IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

safe anchorage for the English ships, out of reach of the enemy's batteries, in order that they might protect the army in an attack which General Wolfe was to make on land.

On his return to England after the war, he found there a keen interest concerning the unknown islands and the great continents which were supposed to exist in the south Pacific Ocean. But long sea voyages were still attended with dangers now unthought of. Expedition

after expedition had been brought to an end by contrary winds, or by lack of pure water and fresh food, which resulted in attacks of scurvy.

Nevertheless, a new Pacific expedition was planned, and Captain Cook was selected for its command. No better choice could have been made. Over six feet tall and strongly built, experienced, patient, and resolute, he could eat the coarsest food along with his men, and with them "labor hard till sunset, struggle with frozen ropes, sleep on a stony beach."

He wisely insisted upon taking every possible precaution against scurvy. Quantities of orange and lemon juice, vegetable soups, and pickled cabbage were stored in the hold. The crew were made to eat wild celery and other wild plants whenever they could be found along shore, and were obliged to take frequent cold baths. This was the first time since the terrible disease began its attack on the white man during Da Gama's voyage that any effort had been made to prevent it.

His slow but strongly-built vessel crossed the Atlantic and rounded Cape Horn safely. Then the southern Pacific was explored, and many new islands were found. Over a year after they left England they sighted the eastern coast of New Zealand. The good health of the crew made it unnecessary for Captain Cook to hurry on as those before him had to do. He examined the coast for two months, but found no part of the "great southern continent."

He did prove that New Zealand is made up of two

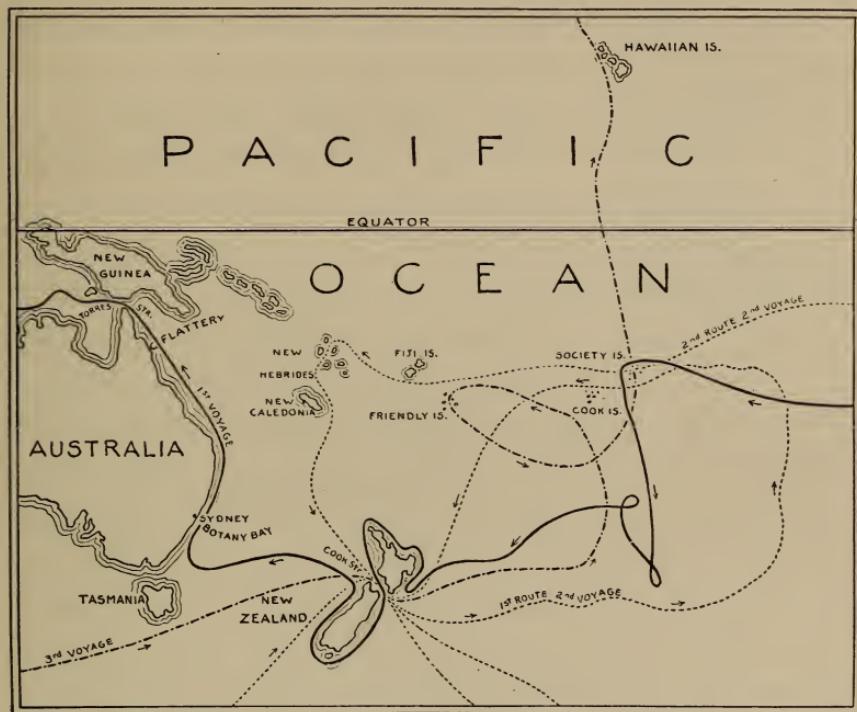
large islands. He found that the northern island is mountainous, with cliffs along the shore. The natives, whom he called "Indians," were, according to his report, strong and active. They were dark brown in color, with black hair, and were "rather above common size." In some places they were hostile. Such were avoided, for evidence was found that they were cannibals as well. Others were friendly and willing to exchange food—mostly fish and sweet potatoes—for cloth, beads, and nails. But they would cheat or steal whenever they had a chance. Up near the northern end, the natives seemed more intelligent. Cook learned from them that off to the northwest was a "country of great extent, where the people eat hogs."

The captain saw no four-footed animals, either tame or wild, except dogs and rats. But he saw a great variety of beautiful birds, some like those at home, some strange. In the forests there were over twenty different sorts of trees, all unknown to Europeans up to that time.

Passing round the dangerous north coast they met with gales, but got by safely. Going down the west coast they met an old cannibal, who assured them that there was a passage through to the eastern sea. This they found to be true, and Cook's Strait went on the map.

A westward voyage of three weeks brought them within sight of the southeastern corner of Australia. Working north along the coast, they made frequent landings. Flat-topped mountains were to be seen inland, and great

numbers of "stout and lofty" trees, as the captain describes them. There was almost no undergrowth, and the land between the big trees, except where it was swampy, appeared well suited for cultivation.



CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Such natives as were seen resembled the New Zealanders. Most of them lived in small groups along the shore, and they were very shy. They ran away from every approach of the white men, and would not even touch presents left for them.

After safely sailing along more than thirteen hundred

miles of this dangerous coast, the ship struck on hidden coral reefs. It took them a day and a half to work her off, and she was leaking badly. They had to seek a harbor and set about repairs. Luckily, a big piece of the coral rock had broken off and stuck in the worst break, else the ship would have sunk. There was more bad luck. For in spite of the Captain's precautions, some of the men began to develop scurvy.



KANGAROO

While they lay here, they had their first sight of a kangaroo, which the captain then thought looked like a greyhound. Later,

they managed to kill one and were able to give a better description of it. Also, they found it good eating.

They ran across some enormous ant-hills, six to eight feet high and twelve to fifteen feet around. They saw the nest of an eagle, and a huge one, so the captain reports, of some unknown bird. This nest was twenty-six feet around, and two feet eight inches high! That sounds like the *Arabian Nights*, doesn't it?

They soon passed a cape which they thought was the northernmost point. It was not, however, so they named it Cape Flattery. If you look at a map of Australia and find that cape, you can see how far they had gone up the coast.

Beyond Cape Flattery shoals and reefs came thick and fast. They could neither keep close to shore nor get

west, so they were forced to sail out into deep water and run north. This was, as the Captain says, in one sense a great relief, for they had sailed a thousand miles "without once having a man out of the chains heaving the lead, even for a minute, which perhaps never happened to any other vessel."

Off one of these reefs they were in great danger. Calms and a flood tide carried them perilously near, and the anchor could not be grounded. To keep off, they had to get out the small boats and tow the ship. At last they turned Cape York and found a clear passage to the west. Now Captain Cook could be sure that this land was a separate continent. So before leaving he took formal possession in the name of the king. And that is why Australia is a British colony.

After thoroughly overhauling the ship at the island of Java, they set sail for home, arriving there at the end of a voyage of three years.

Captain Cook had successfully navigated in unknown seas, and had made many important discoveries, but he had not mastered the problem of feeding his crew so as to prevent scurvy. So, when he was sent out again a year later to explore further in the Southern Hemisphere, he gave his whole attention to this one subject. The provisions were carefully selected and prepared, and great attention was given to the matter of cleanliness.

You may judge how successful his efforts were from the fact that at the end of another three years' voyage he had lost but four men, and only one of them from ill-

ness. Such a triumph was as important as the discovery of continents.

Many persons in England had refused to believe the captain's report of having found cannibals in New Zealand. So, while stopping to rest there on this second voyage, he made sure of the fact. But there was no danger to the white men, for the cannibals ate only enemies killed in battle.

Off southward again they went, looking for an Antarctic land. They sailed entirely around the world near the Antarctic Circle, and drove as far south through the ice as they could, but they found no land. Meanwhile, on their runs northward, they had discovered many new islands in the southern Pacific Ocean, and so were able to give a good account of themselves on their return home.

From the time it was known that Columbus had discovered a continent, men had been trying to find a northwest passage through it from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Now it was Captain Cook's turn. Only, he began on the Pacific side. On the voyage undertaken for this purpose, he found the Sandwich Islands. After an unsuccessful search for the long-looked-for passage, he returned to these islands. To punish the natives for stealing one of his boats, he arrested their king and attempted to take him aboard the ship. This angered the natives, and in the fight that resulted, one of them killed Captain Cook. Thus England lost one of her bravest and most skilful seafarers.

WASHINGTON, THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

“’Tis splendid to live so grandly
That long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year with banner and drum,
Keeps its thought of your natal day.”

On the 22d of each February, ever since you began to go to school, you have kept the “natal day” of Washington, the “Father of his Country.” So of course you know that Washington’s country is our country. But you may not know exactly how it came to pass that we celebrate his birth by a national holiday.

Three hundred years after Columbus discovered America, many English people were living along the Atlantic coast of this country. The French had forts and trading stations between the English settlements and the Mississippi River. Here, as in India, the French and the English were rivals for the trade of the natives, and for land and power.

The French built forts and the English sent settlers into whatever part of the country each desired to claim. Neither paid much attention to the rights of the Indians. Some Indian tribes were friendly with the English, others with the French.

By and by, the English said the French were building forts on land that belonged to them. The governor of Virginia sent a young man of that colony to the commander of one of the forts to tell the French they must move off that land. The young Virginian was George Washington.



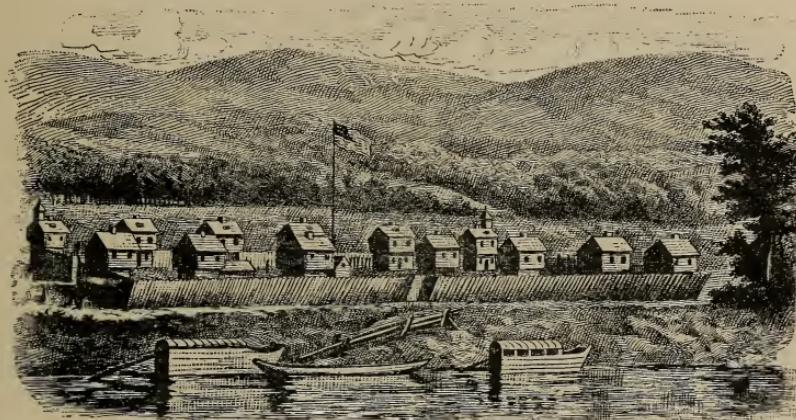
BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON

The house is no longer standing; its site is marked by a monument

Only a man as strong and healthy as Washington was, could undertake such a journey in those days. He had to travel several hundred miles through a wilderness where only an Indian guide knew the way. He must ride horseback or walk the whole distance. The only dwellings were the wigwams of the Indians. They were so far apart, even when they belonged to friendly tribes, that the travelers had to carry their own food, and when it gave out they went hungry. It rained or snowed nearly every day. On the way Washington met

Frenchmen, who tried to discourage him by telling him tales of savages on the war-path, and by trying to coax the guide and other friendly Indians away from him. But Washington never gave up when he undertook to do anything, and so he kept on till he came to the fort.

The commander listened to his message, and after detaining him several days, told him that the French would not give up the land.



A FORT ON THE OHIO RIVER

The journey back was worse than the journey out. The cold was terrible. When he came to the Ohio, it was frozen along the shore, but in the middle great cakes of ice swirled in the rapid current. Washington and his friend Gist tried to cross on a raft. While trying to steer the raft through the blocks of ice, Washington was thrown off into the deep water. He managed to climb back on the raft and to guide it to an island. The night was so cold that by morning the river was frozen — so

were Mr. Gist's fingers and toes. In one place, the Indian who was pretending to guide them shot at Washington, but missed his aim.

In spite of these hardships and dangers, Washington carried the answer of the French commander to the gov-



WASHINGTON ON HIS WAY TO THE FRENCH FORTS

ernor. He also told the governor many useful things he had noticed at the fort and on the journey.

The next year, Washington, then a major, tried to take a French fort at the place where Pittsburgh now stands. He could not do that. But he did surprise and capture a company of French and Indians that was looking for him. By doing so, Washington had won the

first English victory in the Seven Years' War between England and France.

Soon after this, General Braddock came over from England with an army. He said he would put a stop to the French fort-building in no time. As for the Indians, it would only be necessary for his regulars (meaning his drilled soldiers) to get a glimpse of them in order to end their scalping of the king's subjects. This he told the Virginians.

But General Braddock would not listen when the Virginians told him that he would have to cross the wilderness to reach the French, and that the Indians would be much more likely to get a glimpse of the regulars first. In that case, the British soldiers might never see the Indian warriors. For the Indians shot from behind trees or bushes or fallen logs and did not come out to scalp their enemies till they had killed or wounded them.

General Braddock marched into the forest with drums beating and colors flying. Washington was with him. He, too, tried to make the General understand that he could never beat the Indians that way. Braddock thought he must be either foolish or cowardly.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

At the age of 30, in the uniform
of a Virginian Colonel

Eight miles from the fort a shower of bullets suddenly dropped down upon them. With no one in sight, the English soldiers did not know where to aim, while their red coats made fine targets for the hidden foe. At last they ran back along the way over which they had marched forward so confidently. British regulars running

away! General Braddock was furious, and did his utmost to stop them. He was wounded. His soldiers continued to run till they reached an English settlement.

Though two horses were shot under him, and there were four bullet holes in his coat, Washington thought of no danger to himself, but carried the general's orders wherever he sent them.



GENERAL EDWARD BRADDOCK

After Braddock's defeat Washington became commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces. He was expected to defend the colony, but the governor either could not or would not give him the men and money with which to do it. For three years Washington worked at this hard task, showing that he was as patient and persevering as he had already shown himself to be strong and brave. He succeeded in forming and drilling a regiment which took part in a second attempt to capture the French fort. When they arrived, they found that the French had burned the fort and gone away.



BRADDOCK SURPRISED BY AN AMBUSH

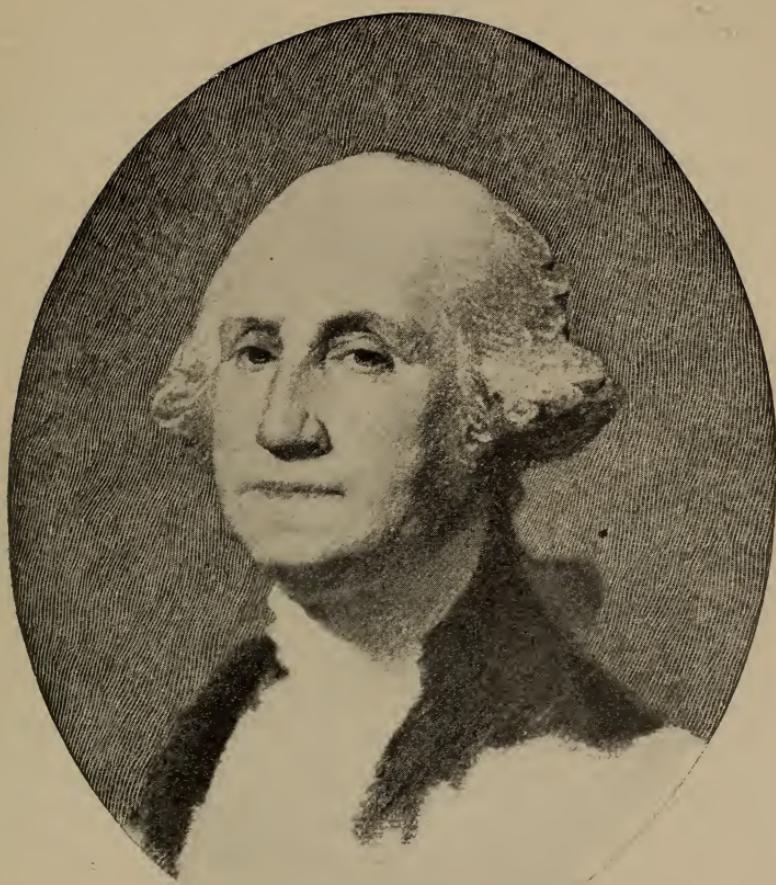
Washington took no further part in the Seven Years' War. When the war was ended, the English had won from the French all of what is now the United States as far west as the Mississippi River, except the city of New Orleans.

Washington gave up his position in the army, married a little hazel-eyed lady, and went to live on his planta-



MOUNT VERNON

tion at Mount Vernon. He rose early and went to bed early, often at nine o'clock. He did not "guess" how this or that would turn out, but kept a strict account of everything and looked after it himself. His chief crops were tobacco and wheat. He was so honest about the weight and quality of everything he sold, that after a while articles bearing the brand of George Washington were not examined abroad as the goods of other traders were.



G. Washington

In this way Washington lived and worked for fifteen years. Then, one August day in 1774, two visitors came to Mount Vernon. When they rode away at the end of the week, Washington rode with them. All three went to Philadelphia (*Fil-a-del'fi-a*) to attend the Continental Congress. The Continental Congress was a meeting of men sent from all the English colonies in America. They met to ask one another what right the King of England had to make the people of the colonies pay a tax on their tea, or on anything else, without letting them have a word to say about it.

The men in the Congress decided that when the colonies were to be taxed it was their right to have some one representing them say how much the tax was to be. But they knew the King would not agree with them. They knew, too, that they might have to show him they were in earnest by fighting for their rights.

The next year Washington attended another Congress in Philadelphia. In the meantime, the British regulars had been defeated at Lexington and Concord by the New England farmers. This was the beginning of the expected war — the War of the Revolution, as we now speak of it.

Everyone in the Congress saw the need of having a wise and brave commander for the American army. Washington was already known as a brave soldier for what he had done in the Seven Years' War. He was also known for the wise decisions he gave whenever his advice was asked on important matters, as well as for his

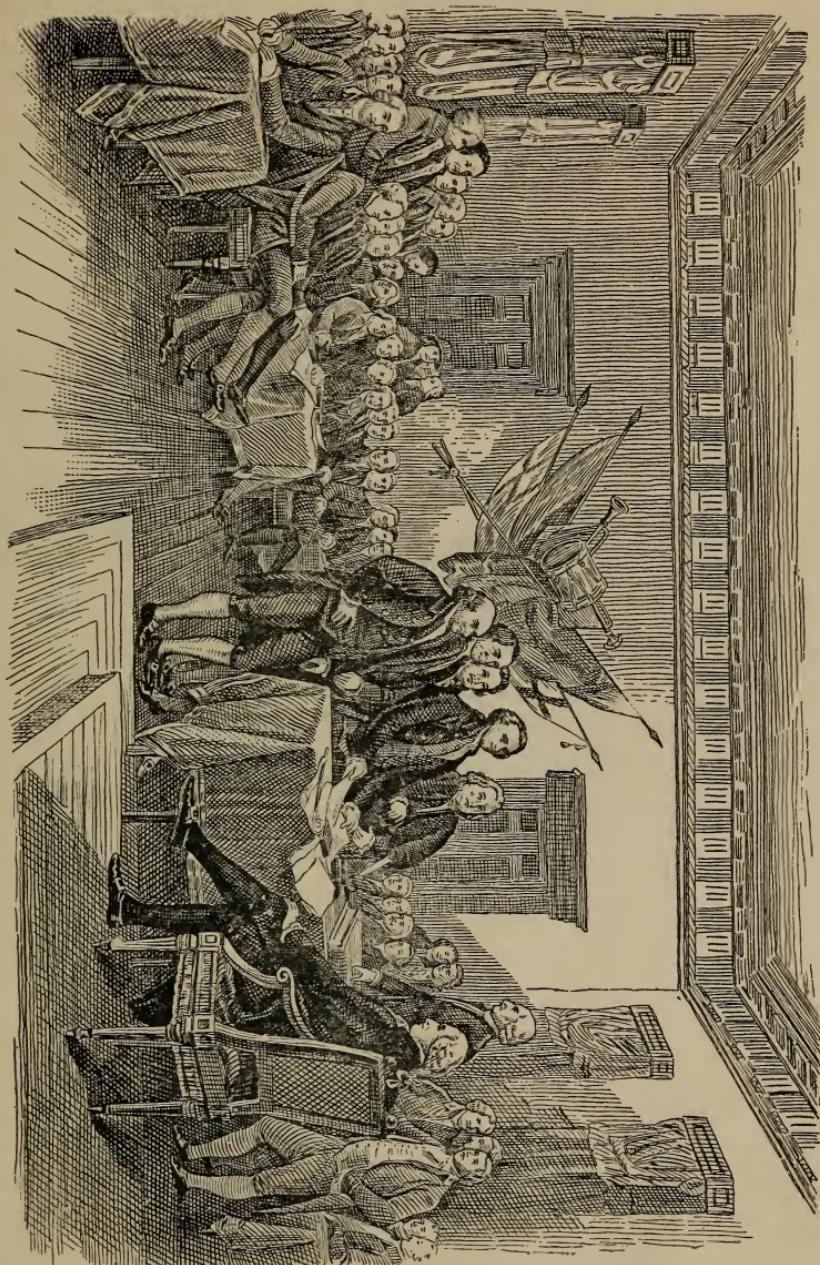
great honesty and his interest in the good of the country. Congress made him commander-in-chief of the American army. That was a great honor.

It was also a great task. There was no American army. There were various bodies of soldiers in the colonies. Farmers and merchants, clerks and lawyers, teachers and preachers, offered their services. All were brave men and true, eager to help, but they knew nothing about war. If the colonies were to win their rights through war, he must make out of these men an army that should defeat men whose only business in life was fighting. This was hard work. But it was not so hard as to get food, shelter, uniforms, guns and powder for these untrained sons of freedom.

Washington wasted no time worrying about the difficulties to be overcome. He worked with might and main to make good soldiers out of such men as he had.

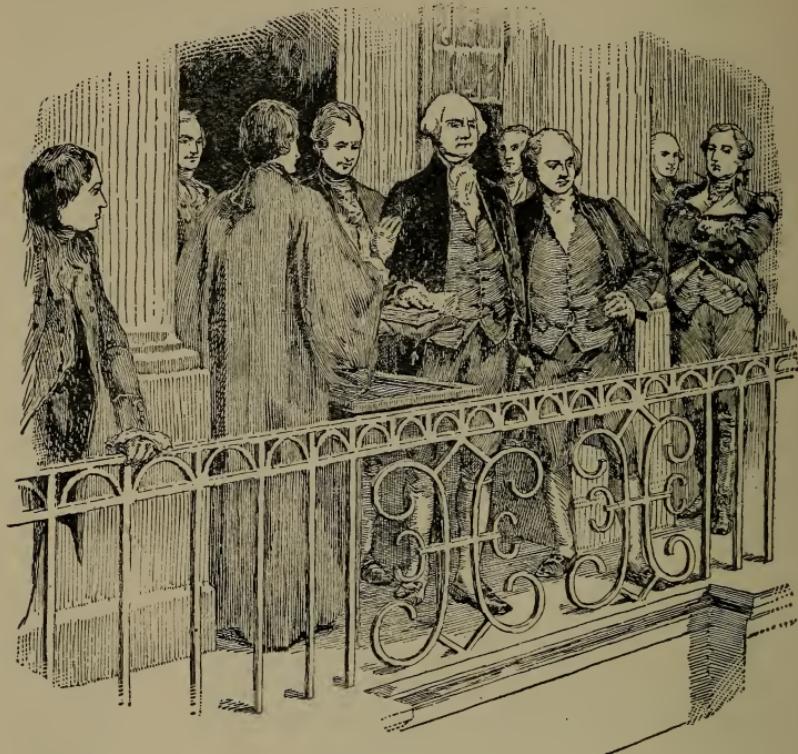
Meanwhile, the people of the colonies made up their minds that they might just as well fight to be altogether independent of the King of England. A committee prepared a Declaration of Independence. The Declaration was adopted by Congress on July 4, 1776. That is why we celebrate the Fourth of July. Washington had the Declaration read to his soldiers. Then they had a stronger reason than ever for striving to beat the English army.

How Washington crossed the Delaware one Christmas night; how he spent one cold winter in Valley Forge without blankets to keep his men warm, or shoes to keep



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
After an engraving of the painting by Trumbull

their feet from the frozen ground; how the very French he had fought against in the Seven Years' War sent him help; and how he finally defeated the British at Yorktown; — all this you will read later in your American



WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH AS PRESIDENT, APRIL 30, 1789

In front of the building now called the United States Subtreasury in Wall Street, New York

history. But it is because Washington never gave up when he had a work to do — no matter how hard or how dangerous it might be, nor how tired it made him — it is because he never gave up, that you and I have an American history to read.

From that history you will also learn that, when the war was over, Washington went back to work on his farm at Mount Vernon. There, too, you will find out more than I can tell you now about the trouble the colonies had in learning to govern themselves after they were free to do so. You will read, besides, that they finally sent to Mount Vernon for the just and wise man who had won this great land for them, to come and be their first President.

While he was President he was just as careful, sincere, truthful, honest, and unselfish as he had been when a boy at school, a soldier in the army, or a planter at home. And, once in a great while, just as hot-tempered, too.

After he had been President of our glorious new country for eight years, he went back to Mount Vernon and stayed there the rest of his life.

I hope you will go to Mount Vernon some day. As you stand on the veranda of the long, low, white house, or on the wide lawn in front of it, looking out over the river as Washington often did, and think over the things you have learned about him, you will know exactly why it is that the country celebrates his birthday each year. Perhaps you will say to yourself:

“Yes, it’s splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year with banner and drum,
Keep the thought of your natal day.”

NAPOLEON, THE LITTLE MAN WHO WANTED TO RULE THIS BIG WORLD

One day toward the end of the eighteenth century, in a military school in France, the pupils were told the story of Washington, and of the French army that was sent to help him.

One of the pupils was a sallow-faced lad, smaller than most boys of his age. His head, which seemed too large for his little body, was covered with long, stiff hair that was very hard to keep parted. His keen blue eyes had a strange power of holding the attention of anyone at whom he directed his piercing glance. This odd-looking, odd-mannered child was Napoleon Bonaparte.

His parents were Italians. They became French subjects when the island on which they lived was given up to France. They were very poor and could not give their son as much money to spend as the other pupils had. On one occasion this made him so unhappy that he made up his mind to run away to sea. But he remembered how much trouble this would give his mother, and stayed where he was.

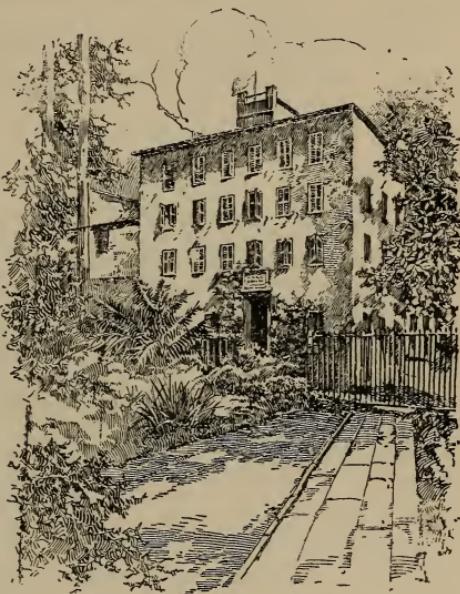
“Straw-nose,” as the other boys nicknamed him in French, from his Italian way of pronouncing Napoleon, did not get on well with his schoolmates. They teased him. He did not take the teasing good-naturedly.

Sometimes he called them bad names, at other times he used his fists, but generally he went off by himself and studied or read or thought of the great deeds he would do when he became a man.

Napoleon liked to study arithmetic, but he found it very hard to learn languages, even the French language.

He would spend hours reading about Caesar and Alexander the Great. Then he would think how he would have planned their battles if he had been in their places. Once, he set up rows of pebbles for the Persians and other rows for the Greeks. Larger pebbles stood for officers, and the largest of all was the general, probably Napoleon himself in Alexander's place. And, probably, whichever side he commanded would have won the battle if his game had not been interrupted by one of his teasing schoolmates.

Later, he formed the boys of the school into two armies. They built a snow fort. Their weapons were snow-balls. Napoleon, as commander, carried a cane for a sword. One army, the smaller, had the fort. The soldiers of the larger army, led by Napoleon, were to take the fort away



NAPOLEON'S BIRTHPLACE

from the others. When they succeeded, it was their turn to hold the fort. The former defenders, with some of the poorer fighters from the larger army, then became the attacking party. The attack, though, no matter who held the fort, was almost always led by Napoleon.

By the time he was sixteen, he had passed his examinations for the army and was a lieutenant.

His short legs were very thin and his army boots were much too big for them. But he was proud of his new uniform and went to call on a lady who had always been kind to him. Her daughters, somewhere near Napoleon's own age, laughed aloud at the sight of him. Napoleon never could get used to being laughed at. He became very angry and said rude things to them, calling Laura "nothing but a school-girl!" Then she, too, lost her temper. "*And you* are nothing but a 'Puss-in-Boots!'" she cried. Even his kind friend had to laugh at that.

But Napoleon soon had more serious things to think of than the teasing of either boys or girls. I want to tell you now a few of the great deeds that give him a place among the great men of history.

Very shortly after they helped us out of our trouble with England, the French found themselves in great trouble of their own. For many years the French kings and their nobles had been making the people of France poorer and poorer, and themselves richer and richer. The rich spent their wealth in foolish ways, while the poor had not even enough to eat. If they complained,

they were thrown into dark, damp, mouldy dungeons and, perhaps, forgotten and left there to starve to death.

In the same year that Washington first became President of our country, the French people rebelled against their king. Three years afterward they tried to make their country a republic like ours. The only way they could think of to get rid of the king was to cut off his head. And they did. This alarmed the kings of the other countries in Europe. It would never do, they thought, to let their subjects suppose any country outside of the United States could get along without a king. Accordingly, they made war on France.

For some years it certainly looked as though the people of France could not govern themselves. They had no wise Washington to help them, even if they had wanted to learn. To many persons it seemed as though they did not. They did wicked and horrible deeds, deeds they were heartily sorry for afterwards.

The Directors, as the three rulers that took the place of the king were called, gave Napoleon command of the army that was to fight Austria. There was something about Napoleon that made soldiers trust him and eager to



NAPOLEON IN 1795

After the drawing by Guerin

follow where he led. The troops now given to him with which to beat a force of twice their numbers were no exception. He found them half-starved, half-naked, and wholly disheartened. Within two months they fought and *won* eighteen battles. They destroyed three Austrian armies and took thousands of prisoners. They made Austria beg for peace, and other hostile powers pay large sums of money.

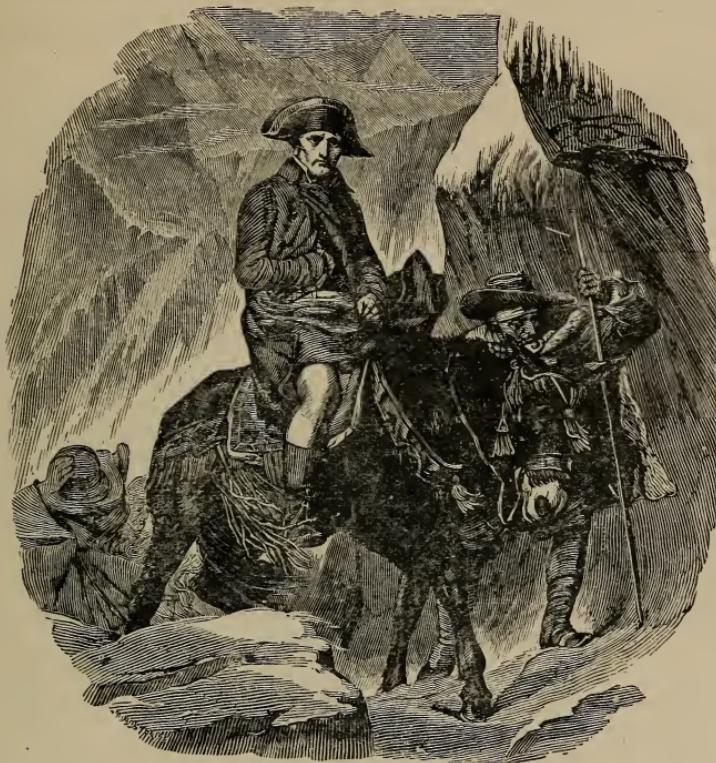
The next thing Napoleon did was not so much to his credit. He took costly statues, paintings, and books away from Rome and sent them to the royal palace in Paris.

Napoleon went to Paris himself, and was chosen to be one of the three men who governed France. While holding this office, he built schools, colleges, and churches. He made roads, canals, and harbors. Greatest of all, he made a new set of laws under which everybody could be justly treated.

But England and Germany were still at war with France, and Austria had again joined them. The Austrians were encamped in northern Italy, with four times as many soldiers as there were in the French army. The great question was how to reach them. Napoleon knew the answer to that. He would cross the Alps!

Tree trunks were hollowed out and the cannon placed inside. Then, as not enough mules were to be had for the purpose, the soldiers dragged the logs up one side of the high snow-covered mountains and down the other side. Before the Austrians could think twice, the French

army stood on the plains of Lombardy. Napoleon won a great victory at Marengo (*Ma-ren'go*), and the Austrians again made peace.



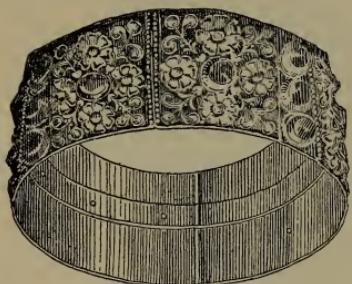
NAPOLEON AT THE HEAD OF HIS ARMY CROSSING THE ALPS TO ITALY

Napoleon had no navy to equal England's and that country remained unconquered.

By this time Napoleon had become so powerful and was so beloved by the French, that they wanted him to be their only ruler. Accordingly, one clear, cold Sunday in December the streets of Paris were thronged with people.

They were watching for the man who had saved France from her enemies.

A gilded coach, drawn by eight big bay horses with white plumes nodding on their heads, approached the cathedral. Through the glass sides of the coach the watchers saw their hero, dressed in a velvet suit trimmed with gold lace.



IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY

A small golden diadem about two inches high. It is studded with jewels. A strip of iron within.

Those who were fortunate enough to be in the cathedral saw Napoleon walk up the broad aisle to the throne at the other end of it. A wreath of golden laurel leaves was on his head. A magnificent purple robe embroidered with small golden bees hung from his shoulders to the floor.

The Pope had come from Rome to crown this great man Emperor of France. But, whether it was because Napoleon was so in the habit of doing things for himself that he could not stop, or whether for once in his life he was really excited and did not know exactly what he was doing, I cannot say. I can only tell you that he himself lifted the beautiful crown from its cushion and placed it on his own head.

Then how the old cathedral resounded to the shouts of “Long live the Emperor!” “Long live the Emperor!” Outside, the crowd took up the cry, and “Long live the

Emperor!" rivaled the boom of the cannon which told all who cared to hear, that France had forgotten about being a republic and once more had a king.

I might just as well tell you now that in the following May he was crowned again, or, rather, crowned himself



THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE

again. This time it was in the cathedral of Milan. And what crown do you suppose it was? Why, the iron crown of Lombardy, the very one that Charlemagne had worn.

Just a year to a day after he was crowned Emperor, he won a famous victory near a place called Austerlitz



COLUMN VENDÔME, PARIS

Encircled with a spiral band of scenes in memory of Napoleon's victories. It is 142 feet high and 13 feet in diameter.

(*Aus'ter-litz*), not far from Vienna. Should you like to hear what Napoleon himself said about it?

“The victory of Austerlitz is the most illustrious of all which I have gained. We have taken forty-five flags, 150 pieces of cannon, and twenty generals. More than 20,000 are slain. It is an awful spectacle. I have beaten the Russian and Austrian armies commanded by two emperors.”

If you ever go to Paris, you may see a great bronze column made from the cannon captured in this battle.

After the battle there was peace for a while with all except England. It was after this battle also that Napoleon began to plan to conquer the whole world and to make himself ruler of it.

Austria could not forget the beating at Austerlitz, so once more Napoleon marched to Vienna. Outside that city was fought the battle of Wagram (*Vog'ram*), and once more the Austrians were utterly overthrown.

The battle of Wagram, like all of Napoleon's battles, was different from the battles fought by the other conquerors I have told you about. It was won almost entirely by the skilful use of cannon. Napoleon knew better than any other general how to manage these big guns.

After the victory of Wagram, Napoleon was, in one way or another, master of Europe. Only England was unconquered. The Emperor had beaten the mightiest armies that could be sent against him. He had compelled the countries he did not govern to make peace. He had made France the most powerful nation in Europe. He had made three of his brothers kings; two of his sisters, princesses; and the third sister, a queen. The Emperor of France had reached the topmost peak of success. He did not stay there, but came down on the other side of it toward failure.

The coming down began when he became bad friends with the Russian emperor because that ruler did not help him against England as much as Napoleon thought he ought to help. Napoleon raised an army of 600,000 men and began to march into Russia. He intended to take Moscow, thinking that the Czar would then have to do as he wished about England in order to get the capital back again.

Moscow looked to the French army like a city in a fairy story. There towered the stronghold above the domes and spires and turrets of the city. There was the beautiful cathedral where the Czars were crowned, and

the palaces in which they lived. But no sound from the city reached the ears of the soldiers. They drew nearer; all was as silent as before. They entered; not a soul met them. They had taken an empty city, except for a few thieves and beggars hidden away in cellars and other out-of-the-way places.

But at least here was shelter and food for the hungry, foot-sore men, and rest and sleep, and merriment and booty. Yes; but not for long. At midnight rang out the cry that breaks the soundest sleep — “Fire!”

The flames burst out here, there, everywhere. The fire engines had been purposely broken when the Russians left the city. The flames glowed, and roared, and licked up great buildings as though they were shavings.

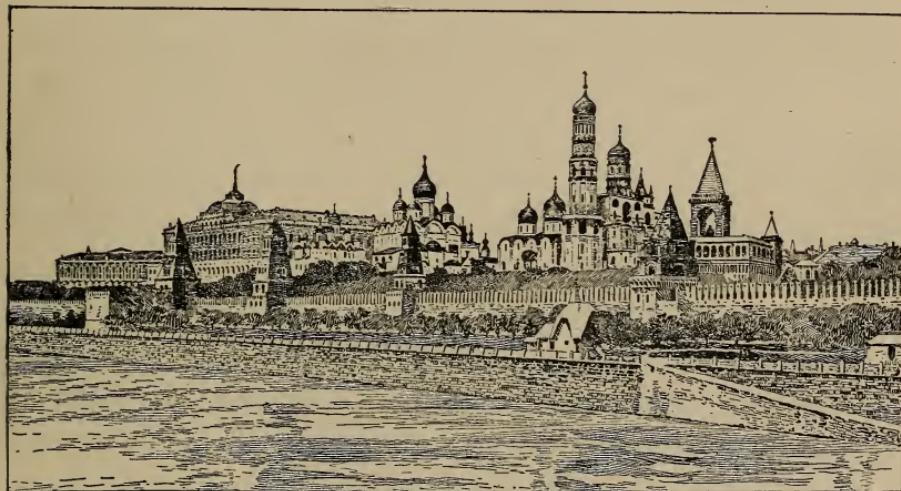
“It was a spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flames; mountains of red, rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, bursting forth and elevating themselves to the skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flames below.” That is how it appeared to Napoleon.

The city was utterly ruined. There was but one thing for the French to do. They must retreat.

I suppose nobody will ever be able to tell what an awful retreat that was. The winter set in — a Russian winter. The snow, falling in great flakes, darkened the day and blotted out the sky line. The wind howled and cracked off great trees already bent with the weight of ice and snow clinging to them. The cold numbed the limbs of the soldiers. They could scarcely move. Those

who lagged behind were snapped up by wolves or by bands of prowling Russians. Those who pressed forward lost their way and were buried in the snow. When the storm ended, the cold increased.

Day and night this conflict with cold and hunger, wild beasts and angry foes, kept up. Each day there



THE KREMLIN, Moscow

From the walls of the Kremlin Napoleon watched the burning of Moscow

were fewer to face the trials of the next. Of the 600,000 that started for Moscow 500,000 never reached France again. This was a sad defeat for Napoleon, and it carried him a long way down on the other side of success. Nearly every country in Europe now took up arms against him. Paris was captured, and Napoleon was exiled to the island of Elba.

Within a year he escaped and returned to France. The French received the news of his return with joy and

hope. The other European countries received this same news with fear and anger.

Such was his strange power over the soldiers, and such was their love for him, that the very troops sent to arrest him threw down their guns and joined those already with him.

A large English and a large German army were in Belgium. The English, under the Duke of Wellington, were near Waterloo. Napoleon hurried there, hoping to defeat them before the Germans could come up to give them any help. One morning he arrived within a mile of Wellington's army. It had rained heavily the night before. The ground all around the field of battle was soggy, and every hollow was a puddle of water. The cannon sank so deep into the mud that they could scarcely be moved. Consequently, Napoleon did not attack Wellington at once.

The battle began at noon. It was one of the fiercest ever fought. The bravery of the French was equalled by the bravery of the English. Wellington was anxiously looking for the German army. Napoleon was anxiously expecting a part of his army that had been sent to keep the Germans back. Which would come first? Victory depended upon the answer to that question. Toward the late afternoon the French seemed to be winning. Then two long columns of troops began to spread over the fields to the right of the French army. The Germans had come!

Napoleon ordered the Old Guard (his favorite soldiers)

to attack Wellington's strongest point. They did all that human beings could do, but they could not stand the cannon fire that hailed down shot and shell on three sides of them. They were driven back. The Old Guard driven back! This was too much for the courage of the French. They fled in utter confusion.

Not all the Old Guard retreated. A few of them stood like the Spartans at Thermopylae. For every one of the Guard there were thirty of the enemy. With shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" they returned musket shot for cannon balls. Every moment their number dwindled. The English soldiers, in admiration for such great courage, cried, "Brave Frenchmen, surrender!" The answer came back promptly, "Never!" Not one of them was captured alive.

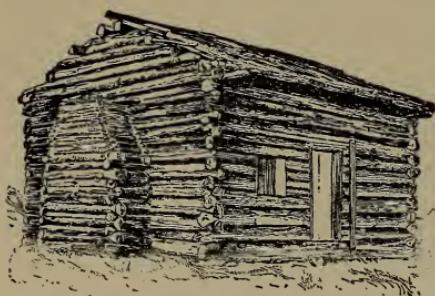
With the defeat at Waterloo, Napoleon lost his power at home and abroad. This time he was exiled to the rocky little island of St. Helena.

Napoleon never saw his beloved France again.

LINCOLN, THE BACKWOODS BOY WHO SAVED HIS COUNTRY

In the same year that Napoleon won the battle of Wagram, 1809, on the 12th of February there was born a boy who was to become a greater man than Napoleon was.

The boy was born in a log cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky, and he was named Abraham Lincoln. Though he became so great that we celebrate his birth-



LOG CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN

day as we do Washington's, when he was a boy he did not have half so good a chance to become a great man as boys have now. For there was no school near enough to send him to when he was old enough to go.

He did not go at all till he was ten years old, and after that all the time he spent in school put together did not amount to a year. When he did go, he sometimes had to walk nine miles a day to get there and back. Short as the time was, he learned to read, so that he was able to find out things from books. And he learned to write, so that when he read anything he liked very much he could copy it to keep. The only books he had were borrowed.

The pen he used was made from the quill of a turkey feather, and the ink from the juice of a weed.

If the Laura that laughed at Napoleon in his big boots and new uniform could have seen Lincoln when he was sixteen, she would have been too much surprised even to laugh. Lincoln at that age was over six feet tall and very



LOG-CABIN FURNITURE

thin. His buckskin trousers, shrunk by frequent rains, were so short that twelve inches of bare legs showed above his shoe tops — when he wore shoes. That is why he was nicknamed "Longshanks." His cap was made from the skin of a raccoon, with the tail hanging down his back.

He liked any kind of fun and frolic that hurt no one. But best of all he liked to hear and to tell stories. He enjoyed funny stories especially, and all his life long he was noted for the comical ones he could tell. Whenever

he began a story, everybody within hearing dropped whatever he might be doing and came to listen. Lincoln often kept his companions laughing at his "yarns," as they called them, long after bedtime.

He had very little time for fun, except at night, since he had to work all day. By working from sunrise to sunset he earned twenty-five cents. He did not have even that, as it was paid to his father. Not until he was twenty-one did he have any of the money he earned.



A MISSISSIPPI RIVER FLAT-BOAT

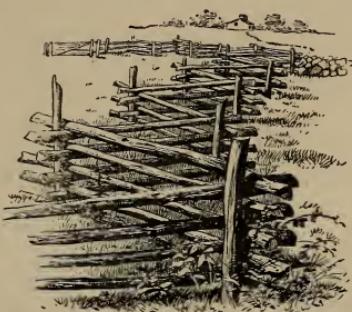
Once he received eight dollars a month for taking a flat-boat, carrying a cargo of corn and bacon, down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

While in New Orleans, he saw men and women huddled together in the market place, being bought and sold as though they were domestic animals. These unfortunate people were black, and they had no rights in this "land of the free." The sight of them distressed Lincoln, and he made up his mind that he would help to free the slaves if he ever had a chance to do so.

When he was twenty-one he left his father's house. With his axe over his shoulder, and all the extra clothing he owned tied up in a small bundle, he started out to work for himself. At first he split rails, or did "odd jobs" around the house and on the farm for the neighbors. He must have been as strong as Charlemagne. Once, when three men were considering how best to take hold of a log in order to lift and carry it, Lincoln picked the log up, threw it across his shoulder and walked off with it.

When he became a clerk in a store, his employer bragged that Lincoln could beat anybody in town at anything. His hearers agreed that Lincoln was a very able young man, but they said that he could never throw Jack Armstrong in a wrestling match. To prove that they were wrong, the owner of the store arranged a match without saying anything about it to Lincoln. Lincoln did not want to take part in such rough sport, but neither did he wish to disappoint his friend. Finally, he consented to make the test.

Jack and Abe seemed evenly matched. So, when Lincoln said, "I can't throw you and you can't throw me; let's quit," Jack was ready to stop. But his "gang" called him a coward, and said he must fight till one or the other had been beaten. At that Jack Armstrong



A FENCE OF THE KIND FOR WHICH LINCOLN SPLIT RAILS

tried to win by kicking and tripping, which are contrary to the rules of wrestling. Lincoln would not stand any unfair tricks. He reached out his strong right arm, took Jack by the neck, lifted him from the ground, and shook him as easily as he might have shaken a puppy. Thereafter, there was no question as to who was the strongest man in that town.

Jack and Abe became firm friends, and years afterward Lincoln saved Jack's son from prison.

Lincoln was just as honest as he was strong. He made a mistake in the change he gave a woman in the store one day. The next morning before he went to work he took the right change to her. Because of his great honesty in word and deed his friends called him "Honest Abe."

He was as kind as he was honest. He never could bear to see any living creature hurt. He put himself to a good deal of trouble once, to get back into the nest two young birds that had fallen to the ground. On another occasion, he spoiled a new suit of clothes helping a pig out of the mire into which it had wandered, and which threatened to smother the poor thing. He would even rock the baby's cradle for some tired mother so that she might get a little rest.

While he worked hard, and played, too, when he could, he found time to read and study. Although he was now a young man, he still had to borrow the books he needed, for he was very poor in spite of his hard work. He would walk six miles in the evening to borrow a book and carry it back before going to work early the next morning.

Such good use did he make of his study time that he learned enough to be a lawyer. When he was twenty-five years old, the people of his home town chose him to go to the capital of the state to help make the laws. But he was still so poor he was obliged to borrow the money with which to buy suitable clothes to wear there.

A few years later he went to Springfield, Illinois, to be the partner of the lawyer from whom he had borrowed books. He was still so poor that he could not pay seventeen dollars for a bed to put into the room he had rented. The merchant in whose store he had tried to buy the bed offered to share his room with Lincoln. He gladly accepted the offer. You will see that "Honest Abe" was his rightful nickname when I tell you that all the time he had seventeen dollars laid away in an old sock. It was the exact amount left after the postoffice in his home town was closed several years before, while he was postmaster there. The agent had not come for the money in all those years, but Lincoln had never touched a penny of it.

Time went on, and "Honest Abe" was chosen to go to Washington to represent his state in Congress. There he became acquainted with many wise men. There, too, he found in the great library of Congress all the books he wished to read.

When his term of office ended, Lincoln wanted to go to Congress again. By that time, people all over the land, but especially in the North, were asking if it could be right that there should be slaves in this home of a free

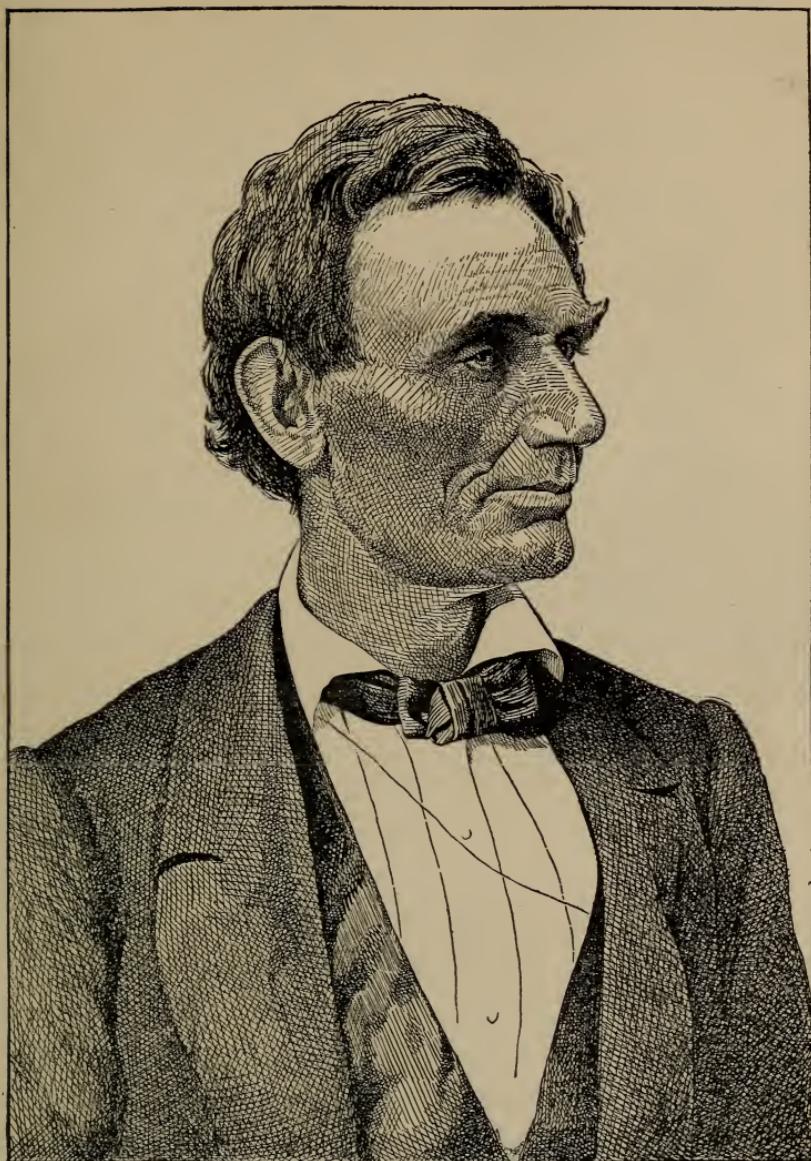
people. Some said it was right; others said it was wrong. Lincoln was on the side of those who said it was wrong. In a famous speech he made while he was trying to be elected to Congress, he said: "I do not believe this government can endure half slave and half free." He said more things which showed that if he were in Congress he would help make laws that should some day set the slaves free. He tried to make it plain, however, that slaves ought not to be taken from their masters except according to law. But he was not elected.

However, there were many people in the country who thought as Lincoln did. By and by there were enough of them to elect him President of the United States.

Is it not wonderful? He who had been but a poor backwoods boy had become the greatest man in the country. His hard work, honesty, and kindness had made the people want him to be the ruler of the nation. They wanted him, too, because they thought he was wise enough to know the best way of making the black men as free as they were themselves.

Of course, Lincoln was very proud and happy to be chosen President. But he was sad, too. For he knew there were almost as many people in the country (more, in the South) who did not want him, as there were people who did. They were slave owners and people who thought it right to own slaves. And he knew that before the owners would give up their slaves many people must suffer.

President Lincoln hated slavery. But he did not think



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From a photograph taken in 1860

the slaves should be taken from their masters all at once, as some persons did. He believed that if the law freed the slaves, the government ought to pay their owners what the slaves had cost them.

But the Southern people were so angry that a President who did not approve of slavery had been elected, that they would not listen to what he thought about the way it should be stopped. Some of them hated him so much that they said he should never live to be President. But he did.

In the meantime, the men of the South said they would no longer be part of a nation that did not want slaves, and that they would have a government of their own.

The President loved the United States more than he hated slavery. He would do anything that was right to keep the whole country one nation. He would permit no part of the country to do anything that would be an injury to the nation as a whole. So he tried to show the people of the South that they were wrong, and warned them that they must do nothing against the United States government.

The Southern army attacked and captured a fort belonging to the United States. That was an offense



A RACE SET FREE
AND THE COUNTRY AT PEACE
LINCOLN
RESTS FROM HIS LABORS

THE LINCOLN STATUE
IN BOSTON

against the nation that could be punished only by war.

The war had lasted for two years when, on New Year's Day, President Lincoln said:

"All persons held as slaves within any state or part of a state in rebellion against the United States, shall be henceforward and forever free."

And that is how the slaves were freed.

But the war did not end. Nor did President Lincoln's task become any easier. Not even his friends understood what he was trying to do. They found as much fault with him as his enemies did. Some of them forsook him when he most needed them.

But neither friends nor foes could move Lincoln to do anything but what he thought the best thing to keep the nation united, nor to be an enemy to any person because that person had injured him.

When Lincoln was first elected, he feared that he did not know enough to be President. When it was time for another election, he wanted to be President again. He knew, then, that no one could finish the war and restore peace to the country so well as he could. The people, also, knew that. He was elected President of the United States for the second time.



A UNITED STATES
SOLDIER IN 1864

A few months after his re-election, the South was beaten and the war came to an end. Our great, wise, patient President had proved to all the world that this broad land of ours was "henceforward and forever" to be "one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Lincoln enjoyed the happiness of peace but a short time. While the whole country was rejoicing that the war was over, Lincoln went to the theater one evening. As he sat watching the play, an insane man came behind him and shot him through the head.

President Lincoln died a few hours afterward.

The whole country went into mourning. Even the South, which had fought against his ideas, was sorry to hear of the death of this just and generous man.



THE LINCOLN STATUE IN
CHICAGO

STANLEY SAILS DOWN A GREAT RIVER IN THE DARK CONTINENT

From early times the interior of Africa has been a source of interest to all exploring nations. Greeks, Romans, and Arabs, one after the other, tried to reach the head-waters of the Nile, but failed. The early Portuguese discoverers brought back much new information, and claimed to have found a lake from which the Nile flowed.

It remained, however, for the English to make really serious attempts to discover the secrets of the Dark Continent. They found all the large lakes of Central Africa, but these were not explored thoroughly. One of the most noted of the English leaders, David Livingstone, was gone so long on one trip that it was feared he had been lost. Who do you suppose was sent to find him? An American newspaper reporter! James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York *Herald*, sent a telegram to Henry M. Stanley which said, "Find Livingstone." That was easy to say; it was not easy to do. But Stanley worked his way to the heart of Africa, and successfully carried out his orders.

This search for Livingstone resulted in making Stanley one of the great travelers of the world. He learned much from Livingstone that served him in good stead

when he began to look for the river that runs through the middle of the Dark Continent. One of the most useful lessons was that of being patient with the untaught natives.

I cannot begin to tell you of all his travels. Perhaps you will read about them in the books he wrote. But we can try to follow him on the most important and dangerous of his many journeys.

Look at the map of Africa on page 213, and find the island of Zanzibar on the east coast. Stanley set out from there in September, 1874. The colored natives of this island, serving as porters, or carriers, were a great aid to all such expeditions. They flocked to Stanley, who had a great name as having found "the old white man," their name for Livingstone, and as being good to his men.

Travel of the kind undertaken by Stanley does not mean taking a train. Neither does it mean getting on a ship and sailing the seas, as most of the old-time explorers did. Such voyages had their troubles and dangers, but still there were chances to rest comfortably, and cool sea-breezes. This traveling means marching overland in a tropical climate. All equipment and much food has to



HENRY M. STANLEY

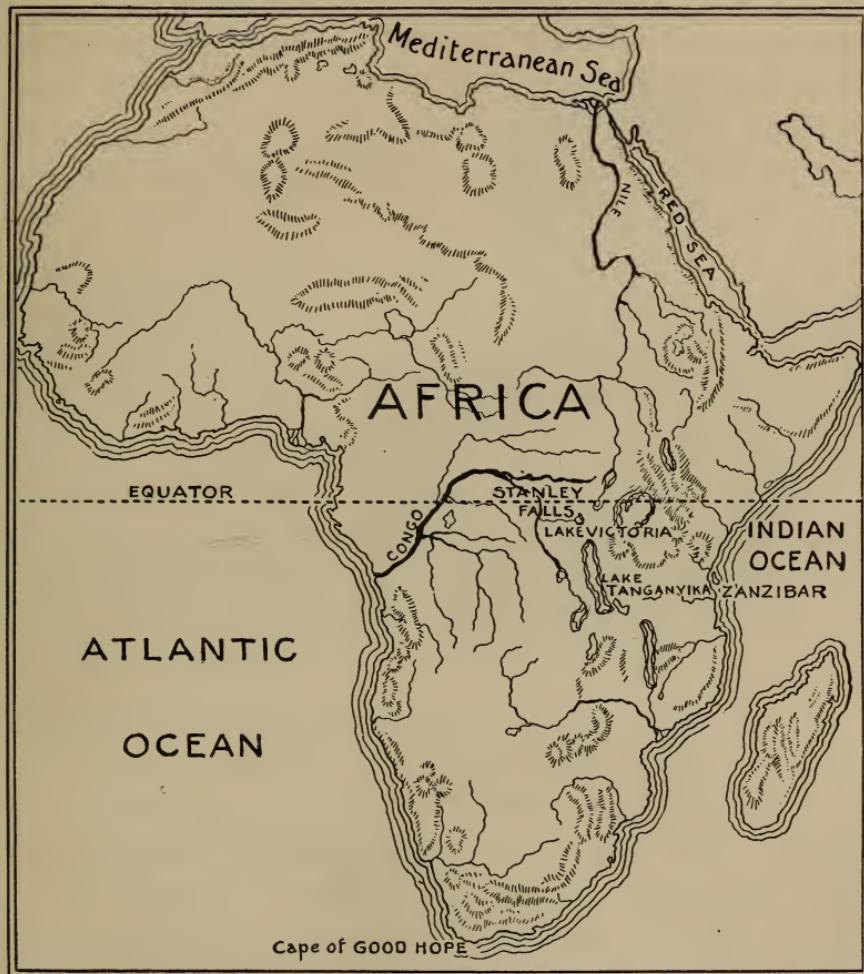
be carried. Often, in the sun, the thermometer stands at 140 degrees, which is not at all comfortable, even for the natives.

Stanley had an exploring boat specially made, which could be taken apart and carried in sections when not in use. This, added to all the other things, brought the weight of the whole outfit up to nine tons. Stanley divided the total weight among the three hundred porters, giving to each about sixty pounds to carry. That amount was much less than porters usually carried, but he made their burdens light in order that they might travel more quickly. When the expedition started inland, it formed a line nearly a mile long.

The going was difficult, and in less than a month fifty of the men had deserted. The rainy season, setting in about Christmas, made travel worse. Also, food of some kinds was now scarce. The native stores of grain are mostly used up between May and November, December being the planting month. Many of the porters had sore feet, or were ill with fever. Stanley himself, who weighed one hundred eighty pounds at the start, had lost over forty pounds in six weeks. Added to this, was the trouble with hostile tribes that demanded tribute before they would allow the travelers to pass through their lands in peace. Local native guides frequently left before their time of service was up.

In spite of many attacks, and the murder of almost every straggler by lurking natives, Stanley continued to practice the lesson of patience he had learned from Liv-

ingstone. But his forbearance was often mistaken for fear, and led to more attacks. After six hundred miles of such advance they reached friendly natives, in a



beautiful country, with plenty of game and vegetables. Nevertheless, when they reached Lake Victoria, over a hundred miles farther on, more than one-third of their

original number had deserted or been killed, including one of Stanley's three white assistants.

While he was preparing to explore this lake, he heard that it would take years to trace its shores. As for the people that lived near it — well, some of them had tails, some trained large and fierce dogs of war, while others were cannibals. No wonder Stanley could not get volunteers to sail his exploring boat, and was obliged to draft those who manned it.

They had no easy task, but it did not take them years to get around. In four months they knew the entire coast. In the region north of Lake Victoria, a friendly king invited Stanley to visit him. His people were not black savages, but were of a dark reddish-brown color, and half-civilized. Stanley found this to be a country of great natural resources, though little use was made of many of them. As a matter of fact, the banana plant furnished about everything a native wanted or needed, except meat and iron.

By the time Stanley had completed this work he had lost much more weight, mainly due to lack of food. Then fever attacked him, and when he recovered he was thin, indeed. Another of his English assistants and some of his best native helpers died. Did he give up and go home? He did not. As soon as he was able to move, off they started to the southwest toward Lake Tanganyika (*Tan-gan-ye'ka*).

On the way they met one friendly old chief who told them that his own people were great travelers, too. He

said that some of his explorers "saw a strange people in one of those far-off lands who had long ears descending to their feet. One ear formed a mat to sleep on, the other served to cover them from the cold like a dressed hide! They tried to coax one of them to come and see me, but the journey was long and he died on the way." I can imagine the twinkle in the old man's eye as he told this African fairy tale to entertain his white visitors.

Arriving at Lake Tanganyika, Stanley heard many conflicting stories from natives and Arabs as to whether this lake had any outlet, and if so, just which stream it was and where it went. Most of them said there was no outlet. Stanley found that the water level was higher than it had been when he found Livingstone here. As the natives described it, the lake "ate up the land." This had been going on ever since living men could remember, and they had to keep moving back from the shore.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

In sailing round the lake, Stanley found only one stream that looked as though it might be an outlet. In this the water was very sluggish, sometimes seeming to flow slowly toward the lake, sometimes away from it. It would seem that just about then this stream was changing from an inlet to an outlet, due to the rising of the waters of the lake, for now it is plainly an outlet and flows into one of the main headwaters of the Congo.



THE CONGO A THOUSAND MILES INLAND

He determined to push westward, try to find the streams which form that great river, and follow it to the Atlantic. By the time he was ready to leave, thirty-eight of his hundred seventy men had deserted, frightened by stories of cannibals ahead. Stanley pushed on with what were left, found the supposed cannibals to be very friendly, though hideous and dirty, and reached the place where the two main streams meet. Now their task was to follow this waterway through absolutely unknown country and see if it really became the Congo. If it did

not, they would probably have to work their way back over the route along which they had advanced. And even if it did prove to be that wonderful river, they had as great a distance to go (about nine hundred miles) as they had already come.

The things related by an Arab trader whom they met here did not sound at all encouraging. He claimed to know "all about the river," and said "it flowed north



A CONGO CHIEF'S HUT

and north and north." Of course it could not be the Congo, if this were true. Moreover, he told of a country of warlike dwarfs farther on, and of fearful adventures he had had there, although he had seen great stores of ivory. Then there was more talk of cannibal tribes, and of lions and leopards and gorillas and immense boas to be met all along the way.

Nevertheless, they started, working their way through dense forests, dripping with moisture, where the heavy foliage shut out all daylight. The undergrowth was

very thick, the soil was a mucky clay, and the air was very, very hot. Tribes were found so shut off from the rest of the world that they did not know of the existence of the nearest native settlement.

They saw only one of the "dwarfs," and he was four and a half feet tall. He was a queer looking little man, carried poisoned arrows, and was a true savage. He called thunder *Kirembo-rembo*. Doesn't *Kirembo-rembo* sound like thunder? Savages have a peculiar way of naming sounds with words that resemble them.

From now on, the natives were more and more hostile. Every time a stop was made to rest, a corral had to be built for protection against attacks from man and wild animals. To add to their difficulties, they came to a series of cataracts, which it took them over three weeks to pass by.

Despite all these worries, Stanley was somewhat cheered to discover, soon after they passed the equator, going north, that the river began to turn westward. As they went forward, they had less and less trouble with the natives, for some of these tribes had been reached by Portuguese traders from the Atlantic coast, who had taught them that peace with the white men was better than war.

On the other hand, the river became more and more difficult. Imagine, if you can, having to struggle around thirty-two falls in the course of three hundred miles travel. At one of these falls, Stanley's last white assistant was carried over and lost. Quite as dangerous as

the falls were the stretches of water wildly rushing between steep cliffs and through narrow gorges, and the still wilder rapids where the water ran at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Food was scarce; the men were worn out. It is no wonder that at one time they were a month getting three miles ahead.

Finally, they got to within three days' march of a place where there were said to be white men. That is, it was a three days' march for strong and healthy men. As things were, they could not make it at all. Three of the men volunteered to go for aid. In a short time a relief caravan came into sight. You may imagine what a great joy this sight was to the few men who were left of the expedition that had started from Zanzibar nearly three years before. The relief caravan brought them civilized food and other comforts, thus saving them from exhaustion and starvation.

At last Stanley's troubles were over. An easy run brought him to the end of a journey that had carried him from east to west through the center of the Dark Continent down to the mouth of its great river.

From the Congo a steamer took the little party down around the Cape of Good Hope and back to Zanzibar. This long journey was made, not because Stanley was a great traveler, but because he was a man of his word. He had promised his porters before leaving that he would return with them. It was not till he had seen them safe in their homes that the "master" felt free to return to his own land.

PEARY REACHES THE NORTH POLE

It seems that men will not be satisfied to cease from exploration until every nook and corner of the earth has been seen and described. You have read how some of the great ocean voyagers sailed the seas, and how some of the inland travelers made their discoveries. Early maps were corrected and true descriptions of strange lands and peoples were given to the world. But the region around the North Pole was still unknown. Greenland was discovered and partly explored. Seekers for the Northwest Passage pushed as far north as they could. Whalers sailed away up into the Arctic seas. But there was ever a limit. Ice and snow and gales and bitter cold always drove them back.

But, man-fashion, they refused to be beaten. They would give up their search for a Northwest Passage and make a better one. We have it in the Panama Canal. They would give up their pursuit of the whale—whales were becoming scarce, anyway—and get better oil out of the earth. But they would not give up their efforts to learn the secrets of that unknown northland, wrapped in its icy mantle.

Attempts were made in many ways and from all directions. It was even suggested that a balloon be tried, or a submarine, the latter to dive under the ice and then

come up in the sea that was supposed to surround the Pole.

Meanwhile, an American, Robert E. Peary, began to work at this problem. He made a number of difficult and dangerous trips into the Far North, on one of which he drew a map of the north coast of Greenland. Once he reached to within two hundred miles of the Pole, but had to turn back or starve. As it was, the party were forced to kill and eat the dogs. They were saved by finding and killing some musk-oxen and Arctic hares, which they were glad to eat raw.

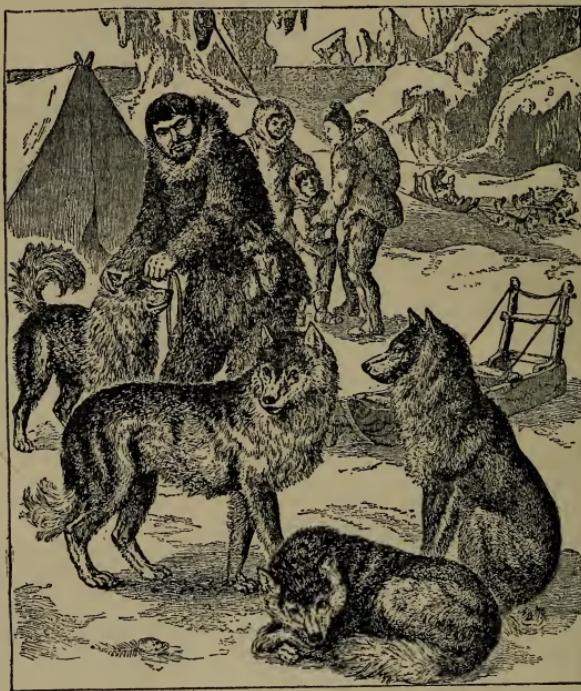


ROBERT E. PEARY

His experiences made Peary decide that there was only one possible way to reach the North Pole. This was to get as far north as he could during the summer season, lay up for the winter, and then make his dash for the Pole in the spring.

He already had a ship of special construction, the *Roosevelt*. Compared with earlier Arctic ships, this had more engine power and carried less sail. It was of light draft, so as to be able to go close in shore to avoid heavy ice, and also to lift more easily when squeezed between floes, which are large fields of floating ice. Breaking through is not the best way. It is better to dodge and

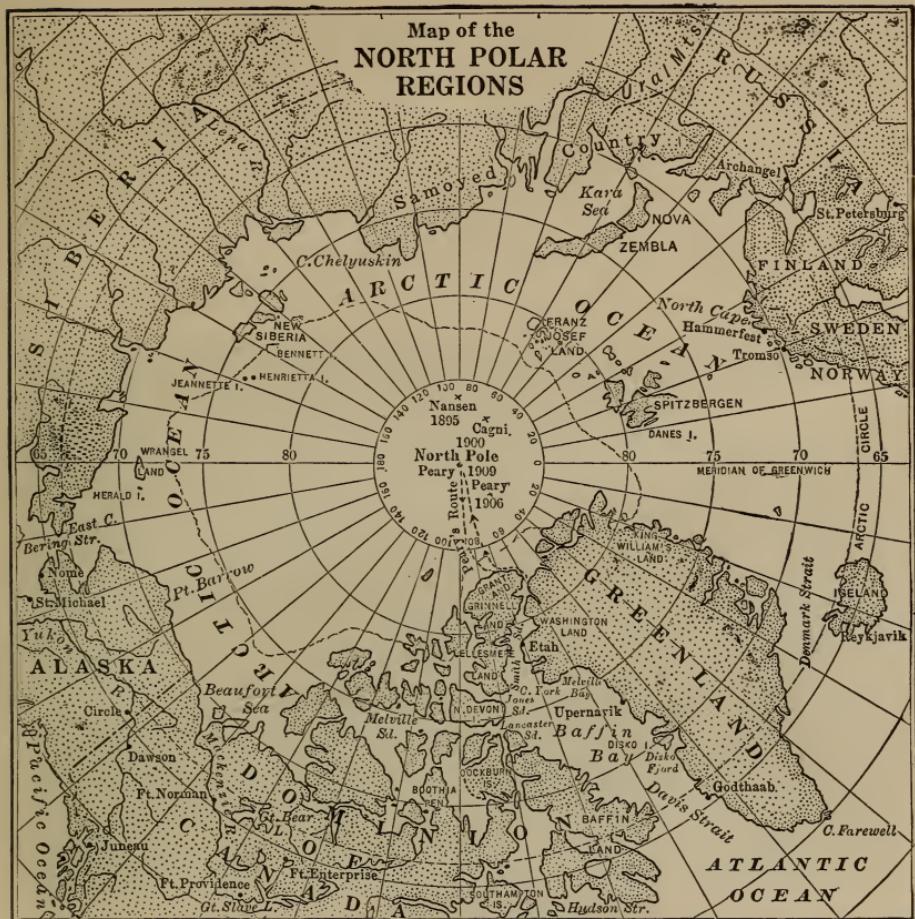
pry and push between and among the icebergs and drifting cakes. The ship was made of wood, which, while not so strong as steel, is not pierced so easily by a sharp corner of heavy ice. Some of the framework was of steel, and there was a thin steel sheathing that helped the vessel to



ESKIMOS AND THEIR DOGS

slip through loose ice, but the hull was made mainly of oak.

The *Roosevelt* sailed from New York well fitted out for her work. She carried food needed for the coming sledge journey. This consisted of hardtack, tea, condensed milk, and pemmican. Pemmican is a prepared



condensed food, made of beef, fat, and dried fruits. There were, besides, large stores of oil and alcohol for fuel. In the Far North you cannot cut down a tree to make a fire every time you camp.

As soon as they passed the Arctic Circle they had daylight all the time. A stop was made at Etah (*Ē'tah*), the most northerly Eskimo settlement, to take on some of the people and their dogs. Real Arctic work is impossible

without these dogs to pull the sledges laden with provisions.

Etah lies half-way between the Arctic Circle and the North Pole. It is about as far from New York as England is. Here the Arctic night is nearly four months long, with no light except that of the moon and the stars. Then there is a day of the same length when the sun



POLAR BEARS

never sets. Between them are two short periods of light and dark like our own day and night. During the "day," which is also the Arctic summer, grass grows long and thick. Dandelions, buttercups, and poppies bloom, but they have no odor. Still, bumblebees visit them, and flies and mosquitoes are numerous. Here, too, are found those other natives of the land of ice and snow, the reindeer, Polar bear, and walrus.

The Eskimos are a queer people, having no money and no written language. They are restless, and do not like to stay long in one place. In summer they live in skin tents called *tupiks*. For winter, they build huts, called *igloos*, of stone and earth. Snow igloos are what you usually see in pictures, but they are used only when the



BOAT ATTACKED BY WALRUS

Eskimos are traveling. Three skilful Eskimos can build one of these in less than two hours. But though the Eskimos are rather childlike in some ways, they are hardy and trustworthy, and they help to make possible such a trip as Peary's.

The dogs, as I said, are absolutely necessary. They have to be fed meat, generally walrus meat, for they cannot live on anything else. To provide food for them

much walrus hunting has to be done. This is even more exciting and dangerous than Polar bear hunting. These huge animals, weighing from one to two tons, will attack the boats fiercely. And they are well armed, so to speak, for their tusks can pierce eight inches of ice. They must be harpooned as well as shot, for when killed they sink like lead.

Beyond Etah, there lay ahead the dangerous voyage to Fort Sheridan. This meant dodging through three hundred fifty miles of moving, shifting, but almost solid ice. This ice is not frozen sea-water, but huge sheets and bergs broken off from glaciers, moving southward from the Polar Sea toward Baffin Bay. Only three ships besides the *Roosevelt* have safely made the trip up and back through this channel. Even when they were able to follow a "lead," the name given to a stretch of open water, it would be filled with floating bergs and floes, which must be avoided.

Arriving at Fort Sheridan in September, they made ready for the long winter wait and for the fall hunting. Supplies and equipment were landed, so that in case the ship were crushed in the ice, or took fire, they would be prepared to work back to Etah on sledges. You may know how determined Peary was to reach the Pole when he says: "Had we lost the *Roosevelt* at Cape Sheridan, we should have spent the winter in the box houses which we constructed and in the spring should have made the dash for the Pole just the same. We should then have walked the three hundred and fifty miles to Cape Sabine,

crossed the Smith Sound ice to Etah, and waited for a ship." All that would not have been quite so simple as it sounds.

Having settled in their winter quarters, they began the fall hunting to secure and pack away as much meat as



IN WINTER QUARTERS

possible. In the inland lakes are large salmon trout. But they will not take any bait. Through holes chopped in the ice the Eskimo women dangled small pieces of carved ivory in the water. The fish which came up to examine these strange visitors were speared by the women. More autumn work was to sledge supplies to Cape Columbia, ninety miles to the northwest, so as to

be ready to strike out from there over the ice of the Polar Sea in the spring.

Then the winter, or "night"! Imagine, if you can, four months of no sun. The ship is held fast in her icy berth, everything is covered with snow, the wind howls, and the temperature runs from zero to sixty below. And there is nothing to be done but just sit there and wait, except for the week or so of moonlit days each month, when the moon circles round and round the sky, and some hunting can be done.

Peary's party could not start before the middle of February, and they must be back by the middle of June. Earlier than February there is not enough light for sledging; after June, there is too much open water.

When they were at last able to leave Cape Columbia, there lay ahead, between them and the Pole, over four hundred miles of ice. This is not the ice of your skating pond. None of it is smooth, and very little of it is level. The winds and the tides push up "pressure ridges" between the floes. But worst of all are the leads of open water, as black as ink. Some way must be found to pass them, going up and coming back. The frequent shifting of the ice makes it impossible to know when or where a lead may be met. One might have opened right under Peary and his men when they were camped, but it just didn't happen to do so.

In case of a small lead they would go around. If it were too large for that, they would wait for it to close up, or to freeze over. That does not take long in a tempera-

ture of 40 degrees below zero. Sometimes they would chop out a big ice cake with pickaxes, and use it as a ferry boat.

A single party could not cover this distance and take along enough food and drink. So Peary planned to move in relays for a while. A pioneer party would go ahead,



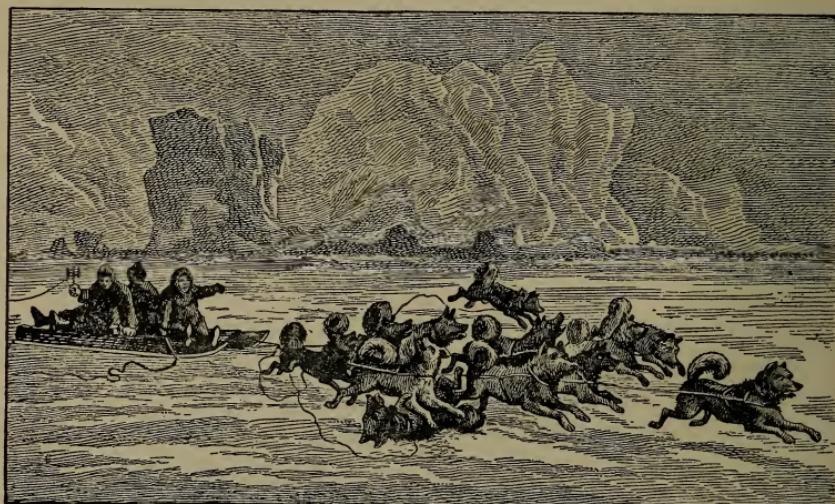
TRAVELING OVER THE ICE HUMMOCKS

a day in advance of the main division. Supporting parties, as long as they could, would go back to headquarters and bring up more provisions. Then, too, Peary knew that all these trails would help him find his way back more easily.

When they were one hundred thirty-three miles from the Pole, the last supporting party was sent back to Etah. Peary kept with him four Eskimos, and his

negro assistant, Henson, who had been his companion on all his trips. They had five sledges and forty picked dogs. Peary planned to cover most of this distance in five marches of twenty-five miles each. Fortunately, he was able to cover the distance almost exactly as he had planned to do it.

With only three more miles to go, Peary took a light



AN ESKIMO DOG TEAM

sledge and, accompanied by two of the Eskimos, pushed on for about ten miles. Then, taking an observation under the midnight sun, he found that they had not only reached the North Pole, but had passed it! Think of going north, and then, while you keep on in the same direction, finding that you are going south.

This was on April 6, 1909. Peary retraced his steps for some distance along the trail and stopped. Taking

out the American Flag Mrs. Peary had given him years before for this very purpose, he set it up as a sign that the honor and glory of finding the North Pole belongs to the United States. Then the whole party gave three rousing cheers for the Stars and Stripes, the first flag to be cheered in that place since the world was made.

Geography seems queer at the North Pole. There is no direction but south. Every wind that blows is a south wind. One day and one night make a year. The North Star is directly overhead, while other stars circle the heavens, always keeping the same distance from the horizon.

The joy of having found the Pole was followed at once by the anxiety of getting back before the break-up of the ice to the southward. They could travel more swiftly now, for they did not have to break a fresh trail, nor take the time to build igloos for shelter. But they were often forced to lay up during the "day," on account of the blinding glare and burn of the sun, which was then to the south, and wait for "night," when the sun was behind them. It was very cold, from 18 to 30 degrees below zero, but on the whole they had lucky weather, and reached Cape Columbia safely in a little over two weeks. One of the Eskimos accounted for their good fortune by saying: "The devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife, or we should never have come back so easily."

The rest of the homeward journey was uneventful. At its end, Peary received the honors justly due to the man who had planted Old Glory at the North Pole.

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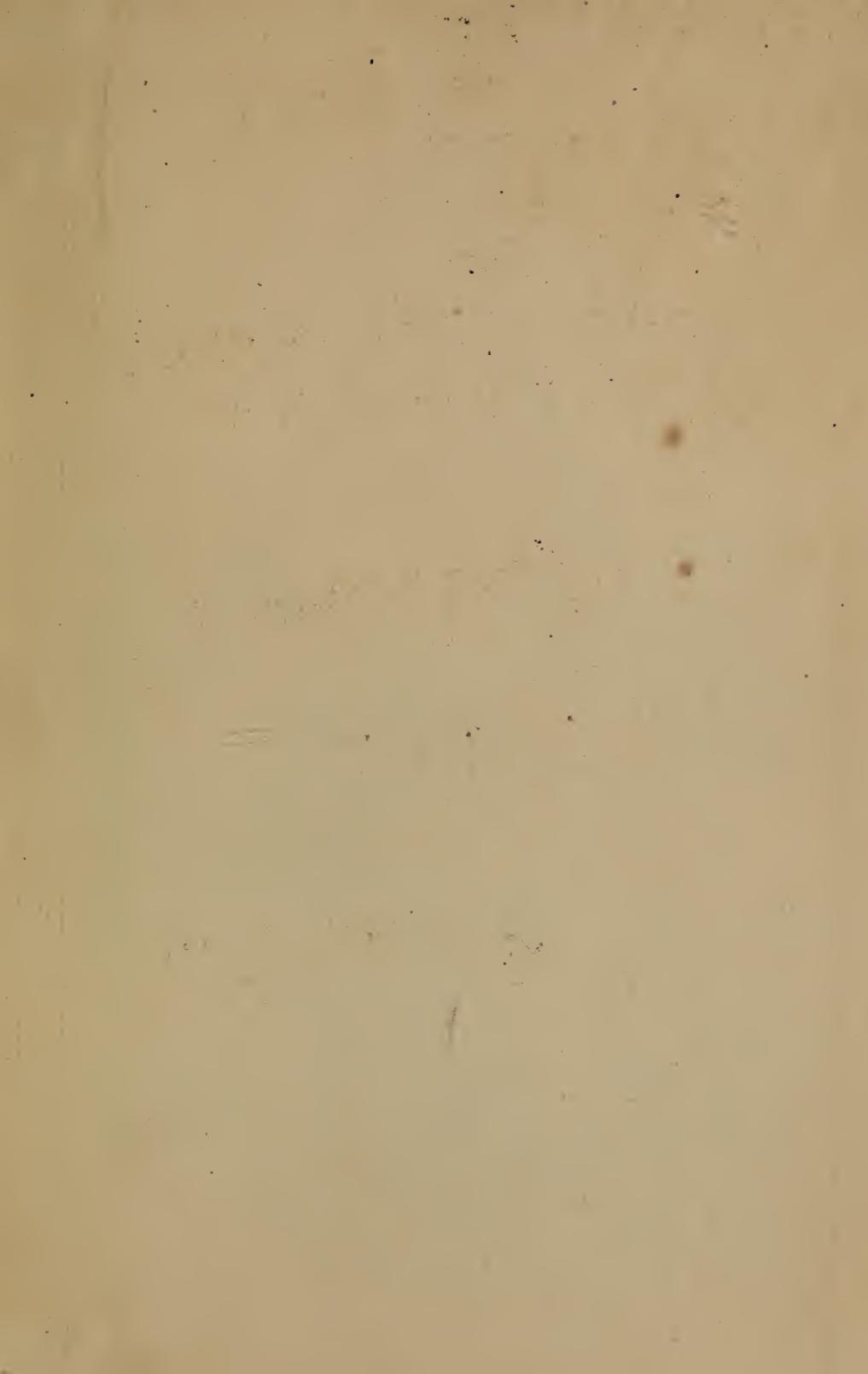
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